

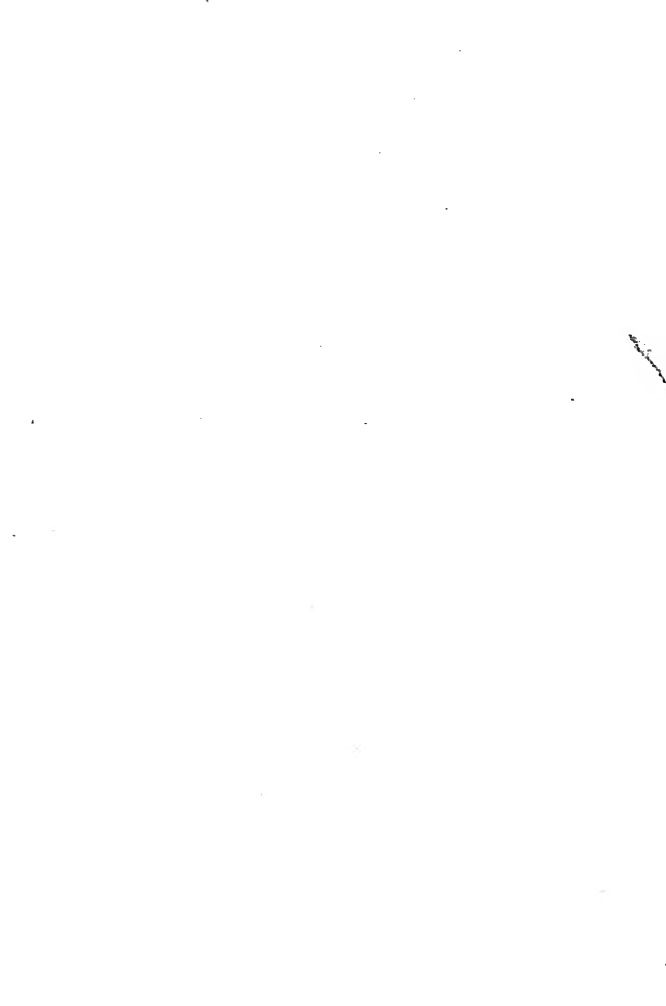


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GALILEO

AND OTHER POEMS.

· BY

J. P. JOHNSTON.

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1878.



PREFACE.

To my friends, in particular, for whose perusal this volume is chiefly intended, and to those of the public into whose hands it may chance to fall, a few introductory words may not be inappropriate.

The production of these pieces was undertaken, not in any sense with a view to book-making, but simply to gratify a youthful inclination in the direction of versification; and finding, by repeated experiment, that I could spin a line with tolerable facility, I afterwards, in the intervals of active life, continued the diversion, until it resulted in the somewhat variegated fabric which is here, in part, presented. The subjects chosen, at first, being generally such occasions, either in my own experience, or that of others, as furnished the suggestion of a sentiment, or afforded an opportunity of embodying the characteristics of some favorite author. Should the discriminating reader, therefore, discover in some of the earlier pieces a decided flavor of imitation, let him not be offended, but reflect that where no originality is designed, the absence of it is no cause for disparagement.

Of the most considerable in length of these Poems—LEON, I would say, that it is an attempt to portray the influences of Nature and Life on a mind of strongly idealistic and reflective tendencies, unbiased by any authorita-

tive teaching ; and to give expression to the various phases of thought and emotion which occur in all such minds in the progress of development. The characters, as well as incidents, of the poem are, of course, fictitious ; being merely intended to serve as material for the embodiment of the thoughts. I had at one time intended to continue the poem, carrying LEON onward towards a sager contemplation of those mysteries of life and nature, than is here indicated. But it is now more than ten years since it was thrown aside in its present form, and it is not at all probable that I shall undertake to complete the task.

In GALILEO I make no pretensions to be strictly historical ; endeavoring to regard the great astronomer as a representative character in the Conflict between Religion and Science ; and to suggest a possible key for the solution of their difficulties, namely : A more complete recognition of the mutual relations of the Religious or Symbolical, and the Scientific or Literal, both in Language and Nature. I also endeavor to relieve the name of the illustrious philosopher from the odium which attaches to his Recantation. An odium which (since this poem was written) I have heard, with very great dissatisfaction, attempted to be enforced by a certain prominent historical lecturer. In this I hope the motive will be pardoned, however the logic of the attempt be regarded.

J. P. J.

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DEDICATORY.

Illustrious Name! whose uneclipsed beam,
Ere I had wandered in forbidden ways,
Or blindly followed Love's bewildering blaze,
Allured my soul with energy supreme,
I hail thee now—no disembodied dream,
Since linked at last with my familiar scroll—
Bear widely forth this language of my soul,
Too long the sport of Fame's illusive gleam:
'That, whether Hope her smiling brow display,
Or cold Detraction share my shrouded lot,
Still confident in Truth's refulgent sway,
I rear, unmoved, my shrine of sceptred Thought;
Secure in this—from sage experience past:
The Soul self-centred wears the crown at last.'

GALILEO.

Lone, dark, and still !—I recognize the glow
Of yonder taper, burning dim and low ;
Cloaked by the vapor of these dungeon walls,
That rises when the night-dew round them falls.
I know not if I slumbered ; yet I seem
Scarce now awakened from that vivid dream,
In which my soul, unfettered and withdrawn
From this worn frame, was speeded on and on
Through boundless space, toward a superior star,
Enthroned amid the central heavens afar.
Years seemed to pass, and yet my visioned flight
Was onward still toward that celestial light,
As if within that orb my spirit sought
Its final refuge, and its goal of thought.
Borne by some secret strong attractive force,
Suns, systems, stars, I passed in rapid course ;
Like white birds soaring in the voids of night,
They circling swept, and disappeared from sight.
As I approached the bright and blest abode,
Surpassing splendor on my vision flowed,—
Then sudden sunk, and vanished into night,
And I awoke to this sepulchral light.

Such hath my life been ;—from my earliest youth
I have obeyed the guiding star of truth.
Books, men, and things I scanned with earnest eye,
And questioned Nature's self for my reply.
Through weary years of unremitting toil,
And ceaseless virgils o'er the midnight oil,
I gleaned what high Philosophy had shown,
And claimed her treasured secrets for my own.
Made all her arts the vassals of my will,
Then turned to that which baffled all her skill.
'Twas this :—amid this labyrinthine plan
Of tangled worlds which meets the gaze of man,
To grasp the method, and unwind the clue,
And pierce the maze of mingled motion through.
To yield the Sun his crown of sovereign worth,
And prove the homage of the willing Earth.
Long was the quest,—but whence the answer given ?
It flashed upon me from the face of heaven !

Dark penance for a boon so fondly sought !
Amid the gloom of this unhallowed spot,
To waste the remnant of my feeble years,
Where but one beam my lonely vision cheers,
And that my jailor's gift—I know not why—
Except to watch me with a closer eye.
They dare not trust me even in the dark !
How have I learned to love yon shining spark,
Whose beam reminds me of that midnight hour
I first unfolded Light's mysterious power.
Through what unbounded fields of barren thought
The soul may roam, nor find the gem she sought,

Then backward turn, her fruitless journey o'er,
And find it sparkling from a dungeon floor !
Like fate was mine,—when years, which could not tame
My spirit's strength, had somewhat marred my frame,
It chanced, while pondering o'er a lettered page,
By Time retrieved from a forgotten age,
I interposed, to aid my failing sight,
A crystal lens. The theme was : "GOD IS LIGHT."
A fragment, doubtless, of an antique rhyme,
Penned by some cloistered saint of olden time.
"Far in the region of the rising sun
There dwelt a King, a High and Mighty One ;
His throne was wrought of crystal bright and pure,
Whose beam no human vision could endure.
And as He sat thereon, a wondrous light
His form enwrapped, and hid from mortal sight.
There dwelt a youth in distant realms afar,
Beneath the shadow of the western star,
Who longed to bow before that mighty King,
And gems of offering and rich incense bring.
And there was one, a servant old and gray,
Who, ere he journeyed on his toilsome way,
Gave to his hand, his wanderings to control,
A crystal talisman, and mystic scroll,
Whereon most wondrous characters were traced.
My son, said he, in distant ages past,
A mighty prophet was inspired to write
This guide for pilgrims to the Throne of Light.
The scroll is written in such mystic guise,
That none of mortal birth, however wise,

Its hidden secrets e'er may hope to scan
Without the help of this strange talisman,
Formed of a portion of the throne of Light.
This used to guide the erring sense aright,
No more the words a shapeless maze appear,
But filled with meanings wonderful and clear."
Then, on the margin, something which mine eye,
But for its aid had passed unheeded by;
Minute the text, and difficult to scan,

I persevered, and thus the tracery ran :

*"If God be Light, what greater thing can be
Than Light,—for Light itself—is it not He?
Heaven's wondrous volume is the scroll unrolled
Where man may read His meanings manifold.
Thou! favored mortal, hast the crystal key
Which shall unlock the sevenfold mystery.
Invoke the power which to thine eye unfolds
On this dark page the mystery which it holds;
Transmute its wealth, and make its treasures thine;
Dark is the symbol, but the sense divine.
Up! make thee wings whereby thy soul may rise,
And tread the portals of the starry skies."*

Strange meaning flashed from out the ancient line!
Heaven's maze was mastered, and the clew was mine—
Refraction's power, Time's latest boon to man,
The means whereby its furthest depths to scan.

I toiled alone at my self-chosen task;
No help I had and none had dared to ask,
For fear the minions of that cursed shrine
Which dares on earth to mimic things divine,

Should track me out, and—as those records tell
Which they from vulgar vision guard so well, [shine,
Lest on men's darkened souls heaven's light should
As from great Nature's book it hath on mine—
Should raise, by superstitious madness led,
A new Ephesian tumult round my head!
They call it magic, and denounce the doom
Of heresy 'gainst him who dares presume
To claim that God's great volume of the skies
May be interpreted—had men but eyes.
Strange proof they wrest from out the sacred Page
Of language suited to a simpler age,—
The sun and moon stood fast!—so they perforce
Must stop the sun of Science on his course!

My task complete, I did but watch the hour
When I should prove its space unfolding power.
I had no need to bring it forth by day,
And so might wait the night's propitious sway.
Alone upon my lofty turret's height,
Secure I marked the day's declining flight;
The sun went down and left a cloudless sky,
And one by one the stars appeared on high;
While, just above the western horizon's bar,
Bright over all shone forth the Evening Star;
More pure than wont her radiance seemed to fall!
I leaned my tube upon my turret wall,—
With expectation trembling, and my sight
Its course directed towards that isle of light.
Strange transformation! what till now had seemed

A shining flake, a silver crescent beamed !
Next Mercury appeared, in differing phase :
Then Jupiter, to my enraptured gaze,
Begirt by circling orbs, at once betrayed
The solar plan, in miniature displayed !
Nor this alone ; where'er my glass I turned,
New glories trembled and new splendors burned !
For that lost Pleiad, mourned so long in vain,
Not one, but many, joined the shining train.
A thrill of transport swept my being through,
All doubts were ended, and the heavens were true.

Prophetic glance ! which opened to my thought
Dim gleams of triumphs which shall yet be wrought,
When those faint beams of intellectual light
Long lost in darkness of a priestly night,
Beneath the power of Thought's compressive sway
Flash into orbs, and shed a golden day.
What sovereign virtue must inhere in light,
Yet undiscerned, which thus, undimmed by flight
Of myriad years, can still its power retain
To yield new impulse to the toiling brain !
Who dreams what tidings Time may yet unfold
Of those far worlds thus given us to behold !
Truth shall not always be compelled, as now,
At Falsehood's shrine to veil her burning brow ;
Nor Knowledge, brooding in his darkened den,
Conceal his treasures from the eyes of men.
These unrestrained shall wander through the land,
And shrines and temples crumble at their hand.
From this small germ, this faint device of mine,

New growths shall rise, and pillared structures shine ;
From vaulted domes colossal optics gleam,
And crystal orbs condense the scattered beam.
Whence ponderous Thought, with wide expansive eye,
Shall nightly gaze, and sweep the spangled sky.
To those far heights on Being's furthest shore,
Where Thought's faint pinions scarce can hope to soar,
Art, taught by Science, shall uplift her gaze,
And paint in Light the history she surveys ;
Till Form, Life, Beauty, all we see or seem,
Be new created from her living beam.

I could not shut my secret in my breast ;—
It must go forth ! Then came the swift arrest,—
The masked Inquisitor in robe of black,—
The scourge, the dungeon, and the torturing rack !
Such is the logic they are wont to use ;
And stern the soul that could such proof refuse.
If such they find whom terrors could not shake,
For him the torch, the faggot, and the stake !
Truth has no need of victims such as I ;
Nor was it fear that prompted my reply ;
But rather that supreme contempt which flows
From Learning's lips when girt by bigot foes.
And so, to guard my citadel of thought,
I flung them forth the boon for which they fought—
My recantation ! phrased in covert scorn
And pity of a world which long had borne
Their cursed sway—" *It does not move.*"—Alas !
Too true the words. Had I not seen men pass
For deeds like mine, to feed the surging flame ?

My crime, perchance, like punishment might claim.
My crime—'twas this : I taught men to explore
Heaven's boundless realms, and wonder and adore !

Word-juggling tricksters ! ye are baffled still !
My cunning answer mocks your boasted skill.
Ye cannot read the riddle of my thought,—
The world—it moveth—yet it moveth not !
All things are not, but as they seem to be ;
And are not as they seem,—to those who see.
Immensely great is infinitely small ;
The central atom is the sum of all.
The universe, that atom multiplied ;
That centre—where ? Diffused on every side.
End nor beginning hath the circle none,
But ceases always where it is begun.
However far the outward barque may roam,
The furthest track is still the journey home.
Motion is rest ; for 'tis by rest alone,
Relation, distance, space and time are shown.
And rest but centred motion's swiftest phase ;
The schoolboy's top the paradox displays
Of rest in motion,—long as motion keeps
Its circling sway, the mimic planet sleeps,
The insect, poised upon that little world,
Beholds the earth in giddy motion whirled.

Relentless still, and tireless to insure
Their sordid gains, and keep their craft secure—
Half doubting of their conquest, and in fear
Of further harm, they pent me captive here ;

In these dark walls, remote from every gleam
Of sun or moon, or star's beloved beam !
Till, by the scarce intruding light of day,
Or lonely night-lamp's solitary ray,
I have recorded on my dungeon wall
Ten annual rounds of this terrestrial ball.
Alas ! I did not think to linger here
So late and long—no comforter to cheer.
Awhile I dreamed their late remorseful thought
Might yet assuage the hardness of my lot,
And Hate relax the rigor of her reign,
And I might breathe the air of heaven again.
Their rage denies me this—and be it so.
Yet, triumph not, thou proud remorseless foe,
Which dares in God's own sacred courts to wait
With incense kindled at the shrine of hate ! [heaven,
Presumptuous Power ! which boasts a league with
By which exclusive trade in souls is given,
And spurious all and contraband proclaim
Save that which bears thy number and thy name !
How wilt thou tremble when the burning share
Of vengeance lays thy ghastly mockeries bare,
And to thy lips is placed the flaming wine
And fierceness, mingled by a hand divine !
But I forget ; my Reason stoops to wrath ;
And Wisdom wanders from her chosen path.
Let those denounce who tremble at her hate ;
My cause is safe, for mine is leagued with Fate !
Her doom was spoken by the voice from heaven,
When he, to whom the Apocalypse was given,

Beheld the earth in radiant beauty rise,
New clothed with Light 'neath new created skies.
Heaven's will but waits the predetermined hour,
Then moves at last with a resistless power !
That hour approaches, be it swift or slow ;
But something tells me—whence I do not know—
When rang the bolt which barred my living tomb,
Fate struck that hour the tocsin of her doom !
Unthinking fools ! they could not cage my mind—
They snared the bird, but left the brood behind.
Like white-winged carriers, borne by every gale,
My books still wander, and repeat the tale.
And from the seed which hath been mine to sow
In Europe's breast, long ploughed by priestly woe,
Shall grow a harvest for the help of man—
A living force in the eternal Plan.

My life is not all darkness ; I behold
In this lone cell what day could not unfold.
Here, wrapped in gloom and silence, I have wrought
To perfectness the fabric of my thought.
My mental eye inverted and withdrawn
From outward symbols, I have gazed upon
The mighty problem till it hath become
A luminous chart,—where I can trace the sum
Of varied motion to its central source ;
And watch the tireless planet in its course ;
And track the wandering comet in his path ;
And read the working of the law which hath
Evoked each form from out the mass of things,

And name the primal force from which it springs.
The single impulse which alike controls
Vast sun, or satellite which round it rolls;
The acorn dropping from the parent tree,
Or world that wanders through immensity.
And in the Power whose footsteps thus I trace,
And in the Splendor which illumines all space,
God's glory shines, and I behold His Face!

PHŒBUS :

A PHOTOGRAPHIC MYTH.

PREFATORY NOTE.

In the structure of the following poem, I have endeavored, by the use of material drawn from Grecian Mythology, (as far as my memory and very imperfect knowledge of such matters would serve me,) to represent an eclipse of the sun, and the effects it might be supposed to produce on the inhabitants of earth, according to their ignorance or more enlightened views of it.

Phœbus, I have endeavored to portray with a dignity corresponding to his lofty celestial character. An apparent objection to this may perhaps be found in the manner and materials of the construction of his dark chamber, which indeed may seem somewhat unworthy of the god. My first intention, in coincidence with that of Vulcan, was to send him to the cave of Hermes. But, had I done this, I concluded it would have marred the sequence of events which culminated in his eclipse, which was certainly more reasonably accomplished by the intervention of Diana. And since, to carry out his project, he must needs be secluded, I have used her robe for that purpose.

At first, in casting about for a chemical assistant, I was somewhat at a loss. And, since the sentence of Prometheus, (who might have served my purpose,) for tampering with the celestial fire, was final and irrevocable, I was compelled to assign that office to Vulcan; and by giving him an occupation very much in accordance with his ancient pursuits, I conceive I have done no very great violence to that worthy. Electro I have introduced on my own responsibility, as the modern personification of Intelligence.

How Phœbus once, along the heavenly way,
Drave with wild speed the chariot of the day,
Lashed into flame the fiery flying steeds,
Nor wrath of Jove, nor prayers of mortals heeds,

Till men, and beasts, and every living thing
Grew scorched with heat, the ancient poets sing.
What Phœbus did in our more modern time,
Attend, and learn from my unpolished rhyme.
No common deeds my trembling strains rehearse,
And heavenly themes demand immortal verse.
Thou ! mighty master of the flaming lyre,
Aid while I sing, and all my notes inspire.

'Twas now the month from great Augustus named,
For conquering force and warlike genius famed;
By Jove assigned to generous Ceres' reign,
Who swells the ear, and fills the teeming grain,
And joys to view the yellow harvest reaped,
And flowing garners with rich products heaped,
And hear by swains the gladsome chorus sung,
'Neath bending trees with ripening fruitage hung,
While Phœbus' rays their mellowing warmth bestow,
And shed from high their most meridian glow:
"Hail, Phœbus! lord and source of light and life!
Whose golden beams, with living essence rife,
Send force and vigor o'er each moving form,
And yield their fire the pregnant earth to warm.
Who kindly now, since past thy youthful day,
Hast somewhat curbed thy once too fiery sway,
And, grown the patron of each peaceful art,
Partak'st the joys their blest pursuits impart.
When from the glowing east thou tak'st thy way,
How Nature smiles beneath thy glad'ning sway!
Thy radiant face, transforming all the skies,
Dispels the mists which from the night arise,

From murky clouds the genial shower distils,
And melts the snows to glad the thirsting rills.
Still, as thy beams in widening circles spread,
New life and beauty spring beneath thy tread,
Till, swift descending to the western main,
Thy form recedes and darkness comes again!"

It chanced that now, as on his car of state,
In splendor throned, the radiant monarch sate,
Electro, winged god, whose flashing steed
Jove's swiftest messenger could far outspeed,
Through crystal wilds his shining way pursued,
Till in the presence of the god he stood.
Here, for awhile his panting steed he stayed,
And, to bright Phœbus heavenly greetings paid,
Revealed (since, honored by almighty Jove
To bear his orders from the court above,
From time to time to distant orbs he wends,
And bears abroad the monarch's high commands)
How late to earth an embassy he came,
To bear the secret of that heavenly flame,
Long time denied, but now by Jove's assent
Designed, when with the potent forces blent
Which Phœbus sheds, to yield, in brighter birth,
New forms of life, and fairer scenes on earth.
Him Phœbus questioned of the realms below,
And what of strange their pregnant records show;
And what the secrets of that mystic art,
Which Jove's immortal wisdom deigned impart;
To all in courteous phrase the god replies,
Then swift as light he cleaves the vaulted skies.

Much Phœbus pondered o'er each wondrous tale.
How mighty ships, devoid of mast or sail,
Could skim the slumbering ocean's glassy breast,
Or safely ride the foaming billow's crest,
How monstrous tubes could hurl with thund'rous roar,
And seething flame, vast globes of solid ore,
Which through thick walls, that leagues at distance lay,
Could rend their course and crash resistless way.
How ponderous engines, like a fiery steed,
With foaming snort could course in headlong speed,
Through wood and plain their devious pathway wind,
And leave the baffled whirlwind far behind ;
While lashed to each extends the lengthened train,
With armies laden, or the golden grain.
How men with cords could belt the earth around,
And trace the mighty ocean's deepest sound,
Through which the lightning, reft of wrathful force,
Should speed their thoughts in swift and secret course.
All this Electro told, and vastly more,
Though much, 'tis true, had Phœbus heard before.

But, marveling most to hear the god relate
How men could fix upon a wondrous plate,
By chemic art, each living form and face,
Whose image time nor change could scare erase,
Phœbus, inspired with emulative flame,
Bethought himself how he might do the same.

Not long the problem vexed his mighty mind,
For gods all forces to their wills can bind.
He chanced to find among the treasured store

Of wise Minerva, skilled in ancient lore,
The glass which once had served Adonis' turn,
The hunted stag at distance to discern.
Adon, rash youth! who scorning Venus' love,
Whose soft delights even Mars had deigned to prove,
Through trackless wilds the panting boar pursued,
In headlong chase till, with fresh rage imbued,
He turned at bay, deep in his wounded side,
His fangs transfixed, and drank the crimson tide.
The lens, removed from out its lengthened cell,
He found would serve his present purpose well;
And searching further, joyfully he spied
Pandora's box—his camera this supplied.
And here, perhaps, the reason may be found
Why photographic ills so much abound;
Since what the gods have done or do must still
Affect mankind's affairs for good or ill.
A tripod next, from Delphi's mystic seat
Secured, he deems his outfit quite complete.

The task his chemic mixtures to prepare
He yields to honest Vulcan's ready care.
Bold Vulcan! who, aside his anvil thrown,
Blacksmith no more, was now a chemist grown.
No more compelled at menial task to toil,
New joy his labor crowns, and worthier spoil.
His forge, transformed, presents a curious show;
Here, crucibles in burning embers glow;
Alembics there the secret juice distil,
And spiral coils condense the vital rill.
From seething vats the clouded fumes escape,

And leave behind the gleaming crystal's shape.
While, circling round in orderly array,
The laden shelves a varied store display.
Here, potent drugs to cure each deadly ill;
There, charms to thwart the dread assassins skill;
And pungent essences to banish pain,
And yield oblivion to the tortured brain;
And searching liquids, whose corroding hand
Not even Jove's tempered armor could withstand.

But long the task each toilsome step to tell;
Enough, that he performed his labors well;
Spirits from Jove's ambrosial tide he drew;
The same, distilled, supplied his ether too;
Some seaweed, which had caught in Venus' hair
When from the wave, a goddess fresh and fair,
She sprung, by chemic force was made to yield
The vital germ its fibrous folds concealed.
Sulphurous tissue, from the garment wrought
Which Nessus wore—a rare and precious lot—
These duly mixed, the amber liquid form
To catch the beam, and snare its fleeting charm.
A silver crescent which had once entwined
Fair Cynthia's brow, her virgin locks to bind,
(Whose second use the haughty maid disdains,
Since, oft renewed, an added charm she gains)
In shining flakes his changeful sway confessed;
These, steeped in water from the clouds compressed,
Within a vase which gentle Hebe gave,
Composed the bath, the sensed film to lave.

Bright emerald crystals from the rusted ore
Where oft he toiled and sweat in days of yore,
With juice distilled, of sour and acrid taste,
From purple grapes by jovial Bacchus pressed,
To force the slumbering image into day,
When formed in secret by the pregnant ray.
Potassa too, the clouded film to clear,
Drawn from the ashes where, each hundreth year,
The Phœnix, wrapped in glowing flames expires,
To rise a new creation from its fires.
And last a polished looking glass he brought
From Venus' private store, which oft had caught
The sweet reflection of her form and face,
Nor of her charms retained the faintest trace;
Destined, when these their subtle force impart,
To glow resplendent with diviner art.
All these, and more, made ready to his hand,
By Vulcan's care, await the god's command.

Phœbus, in haste his novel task to try,
Looks round a fitting subject to descry.
And here at once the kindly fates conspire
To aid his cause, and further his desire;
Diana, now, returning from the chase,
Appeared, arrayed in all her virgin grace;
Fairest of heavenly maids, and chaste as fair!
Destined for aye the vestal name to wear.
Her outer robe of yellow silk was flung
Loose o'er her form, and from her shoulders hung.
The hunting o'er, her bow, allowed to slack,

And empty quiver dangled at her back.
Nor she alone; her bright and sparkling train
Of nymphs attendant filled the heavenly plain.
These at her word shun Phœbus' ardent gaze,
While she, more bold, her wonted homage pays.
Her Phœbus pressed a little to remain,
And grant him space her imaged form to gain;
And her bright garb of yellow sheen to yield,
From wanton beams his virgin plate to shield.
(Vulcan erewhile a safe retreat had sought
Remote in depth of Mercury's secret grot,
Where not a ray of light intruded, save
The glimmering lamp which burned at Io's grave.
To this the god demurred; for, to be just,
He feared that sly and pilfering youth to trust.)
The maid consents; the robe was quickly wound,
To form a screen, the tripod's length around.
Where, safe removed from every harmful ray,
The chemic stores in needed order lay.
Here Vulcan entered at his lord's command,
The plate prepared, and yielded to his hand,
Closed in a case of richest sandal wrought,
From Circe's isle by great Ulysses brought.
This Phœbus placed within the centered rays,
Which, drawn to focus, Dian's form displays;
The shield removed, and to her beaming face
Exposed its sheen a momentary space;
And now, to work the mystic charm aright,
Beneath the robe withdraws himself from sight.
While those without, in breathless wonderment,

Await the issue of the strange event.
Yet, ere from out its secret rest he drew
His precious change, he covered from its view
His matchless face and brow's transcendent glow,
From which alone actinic virtues flow,
Beneath a mask by cunning Hermes worn,
When on some raid of secret mischief borne.
Not long he tarried; soon he reappeared,
And in his hand, triumphantly upreared,
With joyful pride the magic plate he bore,
Which on its face fair Dian's image wore.

Thus far the god;—but how shall tongue or pen
Portray the terror of the tribes of men,
Who, gazing up, beheld with wild affright
His lessening form recede from mortal sight.
Soon as he vanished, on their wondering eyes
A darkness fell, and covered all the skies.
Not even a friendly glimmer, piercing through
The folded robe, revealed the god to view.
The world grew dark; and in the gathering gloom
They seemed to read their everlasting doom.
Birds sought their nests; and deeming day were done,
The beasts came forth in quest of prey to run;
The forest slumbered; and the waves, at rest,
Sunk down and slept; upon the mountains crest
The eagle perched, with head beneath his wing;
Mute was the earth, and mute each living thing;
Mute all save men; some smote the air with cries,
Some hurled their curse against the darkening skies,
Some lifted up their white and trembling lips,

And prayed the god to end his strange eclipse,
For love of earth, lest earthly life should fail ;
Some wept and moaned with wild and bitter wail !
All, all, in vain ! still deep and deeper grew
The gloom, transforming day to midnight's sable hue.

Others, less fearful and more wise than they,
Who long had owned the god's benignant sway,
And, by the beams reflected from his face,
Wrought forms of beauty and enduring grace,—
Who, in proud temples, open to the day,
Mysterious rites perform and homage pay,
While crystal orbs reflect the solar beam,
And censers glow, and burnished altars gleam—
These, Sons of Light, and skilled in optic laws,
Discern at once the trouble and its cause.
And, since the god had deigned their works to grace,
Nor feared his wrath, nor mourned his clouded face ;
But deemed that he the patron of their Art
Henceforth would be, and great success impart.

LEON.

PART I.

In western lands, where, blooming in their pride,
A thousand cities flourish far and wide,
And all that skill can fashion, art can yield,
Adorn the face of nature's boundless field,
Behold the scenes which lately owned the sway
Of savage beasts, and men untamed as they.
Here late the wild primeval forest spread
Its vast expanse of lone and vernal shade,
Amid whose fresh and dewy depths there dwelt
A simple race, who lived, and loved, and knelt
In nature's fashion ; here, from many a rude
And savage breast, with nature's fire imbued,
Went up a fervent prayer to Him whose hand
Had formed and ruled this vast and bounteous land—
Their heritage, until the white man came
With arm of iron death, and bolt of flame,
To rear, amid the scenes of nature's youth,
The shrine of Freedom and the home of Truth.
Here, too, they warred ; the fiercely echoing whoop,
The lurking ambush, and the daring swoop,

The bloody grapple, the wild cry of fear,
And the defying death-song, all were here !
And these are gone—and what remains to show
The names, the deeds, of those who sleep below ?
No giant ruin, moldering dim and vast,
Tells its wild tale of warlike ages past.
No storied granite, towering to the sky,
Repeats their deeds of daring, fierce and high ;
But all seems fresh and lovely as the hour
When first these scenes obeyed creation's power ;
Closed is the writing of that bloody page,
And what shall speed the tale to future age ?
Vain doubter, cease ; behold the record here !
Approach and read ; its traits are deep and clear.
Each hill, each vale, each spot of earth we tread,
Repeats some story of the warlike dead.
And scarce a stream whose name doth not betray
The simpler language of that elder day.
And many a fatal trace there lingers yet,
Where savage foes the stern invader met
In mortal conflict ; many a shapeless mound,
Unknown, unsculptured, marks the verdant ground,
And rude mementoes of their savage skill
In that chief art of man—the art to kill !
Stone tomahawks and arrowheads of flint—
Some perfect yet, some bearing many a dint
Of fierce encounter in that stormy strife,
Begun in hate, and ending but with life:
The moldering relics of a by-gone race,
Expert in war, and nimble in the chase,

In virtue rude, in action bold and brave,
Which ne'er produced that abject thing—a slave ;
Whate'er their vices or their crimes might be,
This praise was their's,—to live and die the free !

But these are not my theme ; to me belong
A humbler strain and a more peaceful song.
Let Cooper's pen record each warlike deed,
The fierce who vanquish, and the faint who bleed.
Or Irving's no less faithful hand portray
The lurking ambush, and the midnight fray.
No savage chieftian's name unknown to fear,
Nor border hero's, finds a record here ;
I sing of one whose gentler actions claim
No proud memorial at the hand of fame.
Yet who, perchance, in that more stormy day,
Had shown a spirit no less stern than they.

Amid the vernal freshness of a scene
Where sights and sounds like these had lately been,
Nor Art's rude hand had ventured to deface
The fairy bloom of Nature's youthful grace—
Whose fond, expressive features still disclose
Her inward life, her raptures and her woes—
Where every breath seemed freighted to inspire
Fair freedom's strength, the hero's heart of fire,
The poet's vision, and the lover's dream—
Young Leon dwelt ; beside a crystal stream,
Whose sweeping waters, murmuring in their course
Of mountain clouds which veiled its distant source,
Seemed like the requiem of departed joys,

Whose memory time nor sweeping change destroys.
The deep prevailing sadness of that song
Had wrapped his life, and borne his soul along,—
A tide which swelled and strengthened hour by hour,
Till he had grown the creature of its power.
And seemed to hear in every murmured tone
An utterance fraught with meaning not its own.
A mournful chord, a sad yet pleasing strain,
Whose cadence swept and died and rose again,
And, mingling with his soul's prophetic sense,
Became a spirit brooding and intense—
Which yet at times burst forth in joyous flow,
As if it scorned to wander sad and slow,
And longed to lose, in tumult wild and vast,
The mournful spell which bound it to the past !

And who and what is he who dwelleth here ?
By fate transplanted to this newer sphere,
His stock had flourished in a gentler clime,
Not all unhonored in the olden time.
In each proud feature of his form and face
His soul's high lineage you might clearly trace.
The worthy offspring of an honored name,
Whose fathers, scorning tyranny's dull claim,
Had found a refuge in these wilds afar,
From factious hatred and intestine war.
Nor lost to him their tales of ancient day ;
Which his young mind in lingering to survey,
Learned, while such themes their fruitful impulse gave,
To hate a tyrant while he scorned a slave.

He was a nature born for better aims
Than the dull world from its vain votaries claims ;
He was not of that tender type which bears
At every step a load of torturing fears,—
Whose faint existence serves but to display
How souls can bear a life of slow decay,
And crawl and crouch beneath the smiles of heaven ;
To him a bounteous hand had kindly given
The lofty bearing, and the brow of thought,
For deeds of worth, and contemplation wrought,—
An eye, whose deep and piercing glance bespoke
A soul unbowed by superstition's yoke ;
An earnestness of purpose, and a zeal
To prove the truths which others darkly feel,
Yet dare not question boldly ; to his thought,
Life seemed a radiance from the Godhead caught,—
A visioned joy, a prelude deep and tender,
A faint revelation of the immortal Splendor ;
A quenchless beam—though quell'd and darkened here,
Not all unworthy of a brighter sphere.

He knew no lore but that which Nature gives ;
He had no volume save her mystic leaves,
And these he read and pondered, till his heart
Grew filled with love beneath their wondrous art ;
He marked each tint of bright and varied hue
In land, and wave, and sky, until he grew
A worshipper of beauty in her wild
And wayward aspect—Nature's favored child,
Who loved her crowning peaks and solemn woods,
And all her vast and silent solitudes.

He had not bowed himself at Mammon's shrine,
Nor deemed her sordid offerings all divine—
Nor dimmed the whiteness of his soul—nor sold
His heart's deep love and earnest truth for gold.
Why should he mingle in the heartless throng—
Why court the proud—conciliate the strong—
To win that all of life which these can give,
Or those display—the right to cringe—to live
Their fellow bondsman, to become the spoil
Of that which binds them in its glittering toil?
Still could he feel and bless the master power,
Which ruled his spirit since his childhood's hour,
The wild desire, the wish to breathe alone;
To know no other comrade save his own
And nature's musing,—gladly to behold
Her face unveiled, to view her charms unfold,
And feel the beating of that mighty heart
Whose vital throbbings kindle every part—
The all-creating, all-pervading soul,
Which moulds each form and animates the whole.

He coldly shunned the busy crowd, nor sought
A refuge from his loneliness of thought
Amid their scenes of light and heartless mirth;
Though born to mingle with the sons of earth,
He seemed a creature of a different state;
A nature fashioned by a darker fate.
And if at times he mourned his severed lot,
In word or action he betrayed it not.
No outward sign revealed the inward strife,

Or spoke of murmur at his lonely life.
Tho' wrapt in clouds and tempest, well he knew
Above the clouds were clothed in brighter hue ;
And all the light and glory of the earth
From night and storm and darkness hath its birth.
Tho' calm his outward aspect, in his soul
There slept a sense which would not bear control.
A stern, defiant feeling, which could brook
No word of blame, or even a passing look.
A slumbering passion, which would yet awake
In wrath, his future years to mar or make.

He loved to gaze upon the troubled sky,
When mighty storms were grandly sweeping by,
And bearing in their reckless course afar
The shattered trophies of their giant war.
He seemed to hear a trumpet voice, which spoke
'Mid lightning flame, and volleying thunder-stroke,
As starts the soldier to the stirring drum,
To rouse and arm him for the strife to come.
And when at length their headlong fury slept,
And all the stars their constant vigil kept,
Oft would he wander forth again, alone,
Beneath the shade of Nature's boundless throne,
And breathe the impulse of that purer life,
Which flows undimmed above all storm and strife.

Yet even all these at times would not allay
His thirst of soul—even nature's bright array
Of sights and sounds and voices, and that sense
Of life and joy, pervading and intense,

Served but to fan, not quench the hidden fire
Which bade his spirit worship and aspire.
How had his spirit panted for the power—
The might of genius—that all-glorious dower—
The magic touch—the God-like gift—to string
The poet's lyre, and by its breathings fling
A softening influence o'er his darkened life,
To calm its waves of turbulence and strife!

And oft, in pensive musing, had he stood
Beside his boyhood's swift and rolling flood,
When night had thrown her sable curtain o'er
Its winding stream, and rude and rocky shore,
And veiled those crystal waters as they swept
In wild delight, unheeding all who wept,
And gazing on those boundless realms of air,
The dreamland of the soul, whose home is there,
Had vainly longed for wings to flee away,
And, guided by yon pure celestial ray,
Seek what on earth had proved a fruitless quest—
Balm for the soul, and for the spirit rest.

Hath earth no essence in her secret store
Which man may drink and never thirst for more?
No soothing balm, to still the wild desire
Which mocks his bosom with its ceaseless fire?
Hath she no refuge in her wondrous breast,
Where man may sleep and wake, and still be blest?
What * is this troubled life?—it cannot be
An empty bubble on time's boundless sea,

* The following lines, to the close of this section, are a versification of the beautiful prose poem by Geo. D. Prentice, entitled *Immortality*.

Cast up to float a little moment there,
Then sink to night and darkness and despair !
Why is it, else, each high and glorious thought,
Those aspirations from the Godhead caught,
Which leap like angels from the templed shrine
Of Man's deep soul, though plumed with light divine,
And lit by love from the eternal throne
Still wander forth, unsatisfied and lone ?
Why is it that the rainbow and the cloud
Wrap life and beauty in their misty shroud,
And passing, like a dream of heavenly birth,
Above the darkness of this lower earth,
Leave the sad soul, with feelings soft and tender,
To muse upon their vanished light and splendor ?
Are we not born for higher scenes than earth ?
Hath not the soul a sense of heavenly birth ?
Shall we not find at length, amid those bright
And starry worlds that gem the fields of night,
Those vision forms that mock our being here,
And reign and revel in a brighter sphere ?

How shall that moment, when the soul shall burst
The clanking fetters which so long have cursed
Its darkened life, but vainly strove to bind
The soaring pinions of the immortal mind,
In the deep fullness of its power transcend
What pen may trace, or thought with utterance blend !
No more—no more—through endless years, to feel
The oppression of that power whose iron heel,
Upon the writhing prostrate spirit thrust,

So long hath held it grovelling in the dust.
Forever ransomed from the galling sense
Of weakness, pain, and fettering impotence,
And with a robe of beauty unsurpassed
And fadeless splendor o'er the being cast—
How shall the rapture of that moment throw
Its haloing radiance o'er past scenes of woe,
And crown the memory of long years of pain
With a deep joy, eternal in its reign!

And Leon felt that passion of his youth
To pierce the heights and depths in search of truth;
To pour the impulse of his mind afar
Beyond the radiance of each utmost star,—
To know what deeds are done, what spirits bear
The crown or curse of life and being there.
Why man is doomed to wait and wonder here,
The passive tenant of a lesser sphere,
While myriad worlds in vaster orbits move,
And woo his spirit to their realms of love.
What hand hath spread those glorious worlds abroad?
We own His presence, and we call him God.
He wrought their forms obedient to His will,
He by His power upholds and guides them still.
But who hath seen His glorious face, or heard
At any time His voice or spoken word?

Once he had deemed that man's aspiring mind
Might win from thought and search the power to bind
Creative wisdom in its little chain
Of words and creeds and symbols—but in vain!

The spell dissolved before the kindling touch
Of mind's expanding power—alas ! how much
Of worth and wisdom, past our finding out,
Would life display, did man but dare to doubt ;
Nor blindly bow before the deadening sway
Of those dull things who prate, and preach, and pray,
They know not wherefore, save that each must needs
Be fed and pampered by the fools he leads.
And even 'mid scenes by Nature marked her own,
Dark Superstition rears her sable throne,
And spreads her snares with deep and cunning art,
To bind the judgment, but not wake the heart,—
And weaves her fancied tales of purchased heaven,
And sulphurous flames, and tortur'd ghosts, which, even
In childhood's trustful bosom, cause to swell
Such burning hatred and such fire of hell !
Henceforth before no human shrine he knelt ;
The spell was broken, and at length he felt
That he had solved the mystery of this life.
Now gazing upward, past all doubt and strife,
He owned the bright effulgence of that ray
Whose beam is life, whose glance is perfect day.

What though for him no blazing altar reared
Its crest, no bloody sacrifice appeared ;
No angel Gabriel, with his flaming form ;
No voice from out the whirlwind or the storm.
Enough for him that 'mid those orbs there dwelt
A central Power, whose mystic breathings melt
Throughout all space,—a vast and living Soul,

Which binds all being in its strong control.
To gaze upon the glowing heavens, and feel
That sense which bids all subject nature kneel
Before the kindling source of life, and own
That Power supreme, whose vast and awful throne,
Encircled by those rolling worlds of night,
Pours forth its radiance, filling all with light !

The wild aspiring of his soul had wrought
Within his breast an earnestness of thought
More than on common minds the earth bestows—
That strong ideal energy, which throws
O'er all life's scenes its swift and piercing glance ;
The earth to him was not a mere expanse
Of land and wave and city, but a page
Whereon were written meanings deep and sage,
Which he would fain interpret ; he had striven
To trace the life which God to man hath given
Beyond the gathering darkness of the tomb,
And find its triumph in a life to come.
The grave to him was not a place of light,
And yet it seemed not like eternal night ;
But a dim region, where all strife shall cease,
And man first learn the blessedness of peace.
The last long slumber which all life must take ;
Yet who shall say they nevermore shall wake ?
And must this fate be his—must he be one
Of countless millions who have come and gone,
And left no record of their presence here,
Save that which marks their cold and silent bier ?

The same dark tale of old mortality—
To dream that man may live, and then—to die !
And is this all ? is there no life to come ?
Is all that dream of bliss beyond the tomb, [sigh,
That quenchless hope, which prompts the unceasing
The baseless fabric of man's phantasy ?
Though faith's illusive scheme of heaven and hell
Beguile no more, what mightier power can quell
That stubborn impulse which, from pole to pole,
Hath still sustained and still sustains the soul ?
Hath He who wrought this universal frame,
Who formed us as we are, but lit the flame
Of hope within man's breast to lure him on
Through life's dark waste, till life and hope be gone ?
When Earth hath run her weary round of care ;
When Time hath laid her hidden secrets bare ;
When man hath searched her inmost wonders through,
And wrought and finished all that man may do ;
When his desires shall find no further scope ;
When he shall cease to hunger and to hope
For worthless aims ; when nought remains to raise
Within his breast desire or dream of praise
Or lust of glory—when from sea to sea,
From peopled shore to shore, the earth shall be
A mingled mass of that which once was rife
With that unrest which mortals miscall life ;
When all the breathing multitude shall be
A stagnant waste, a waveless, tideless sea,
Stirred by no storm and wakened by no strife,
To mark the world of death from that of life,

Shall then His breath rekindle and relume
The faded ashes of earth's peopled tomb,
And bid the trampled dust arise, and be
Scions of life and immortality?

Vain search, vain question! Man may not behold
Life's hidden page, nor fate's dark scroll unfold;
Nor pierce the mystic veil which lies between
Life's little moment and the dim unseen;
Nor with swift vision scan the doubtful way
Through which the soul with devious route must stray.
Yet, though no ray can pierce its soundless gloom,
Hope's fairest garland grows from out the tomb.
Then live to-day! enjoy the present hour,
Pluck, while we may, the bright and fadeless flower,
And from its bloom, no evanescent joy,
Extract a balm, a sweetness to destroy
The poison-minglings of the cup of life,
And soothe the anguish of the parting strife.

To themes like these his earliest thoughts were turned,
Nor these alone within his bosom burned:
His soul could bow to names of noblest worth,
The bright and glorious of the sons of earth.
And these, though slight his youthful lore, had thrown
O'er his young heart a mastery all their own;
A deep and silent worship, which became
In after years the quenchless thirst of fame.
And rapt at times in that absorbing dream,
He wandered forth beside his boyhood's stream,
Sought out each scene to which tradition gave

Some lingering memory of the fallen brave,
Lived o'er again each legend strange and wild,
Or with such strains as these his lonely thoughts be-
guiled :

TO THE ALLEGHENY.

O Allegheny ! bright, and bold, and free !
From the dark grandeur of thy mountain home
Who rushest forth in wild, impetuous glee,
Rejoicingly thy wayward course to roam.
Down rapids steep, 'mid rocks enwreathed with foam,
Thy current speeds, in swift, impulsive flight,
Between thy banks of fruitful yellow loam,
Which rise on either side to noblest height,
Or spread afar in landscapes blooming fair and bright.
Well do thy lustral waters bear the name *
Bequeathed thee by that dusky hunter race
Who once in savage freedom roamed thy stream,
Or skimmed in birch canoe across thy face.
And who, with oaken bow and spear, did chase
The bounding deer thy wooded banks along,
Ere yet the white man's boat had learned to trace
The windings of thy current ; while yet rung [song !
The sounding war-whoop or the captive brave's death-
That race has passed ; all have been swept away
Like autumn leaves before the whirlwind's scorn.
Thy waves have hymned their requiem, for they
Had none besides thee o'er their fate to mourn.
Thy banks, of their primeval forests shorn,

* Allegheny—in the Indian tongue: Clear water.

Have given birth to city, forge, and field ;

And now upon thy bounding breast are borne
Those stores of riches which the earth doth yield
To man, when taught aright her subtle powers to
wield.

These are thy wealth—and more : still linger near

The silent shades of fame's immortal band ;
Tradition guards their deathless relics here,
And History graves them with her glowing hand :
Among the rivers of this broad free land
Thou hast a record which shall yield to none :

'Twas here, even where thy minstrel now doth stand,
Thy stream had well nigh been the grave of one
The proudest of earth's heroes, our great Washington !

While but a youth—ere yet his star of fame

Had reached its height, in winter, bleak and cold,
His country's faithful messenger he came
Through pathless forests, till he stood where rolled,
Half choked with ice, thy wintry torrent bold !
He launched upon a feeble raft—midway

His frail support was crushed—thy waves unfold
The dawning hope of liberty—to-day,
Where had our freedom been had he been swept away ?

Be thou, O Stream, the emblem of my thought !

Have I not listened to thy ceaseless song,
And quaffed thy crystal waves, till I have caught
The spirit of thy waters ? deep and strong,
Yet clear as mountain dew, thou speed'st along,

A thing untamed as thought, and wild, and free.

And in thy course what mingling beauties throng !
So may the utterance of my spirit be,
A thing of light and life and glorious melody.

PART II.

So pass'd young Leon's boyhood, till there came
To dwell beside those rustic scenes of fame
One, whose bright eye, and warm and changing cheek,
Proclaiming more than tenderest tones could speak,
Were destined o'er his youthful heart to sway
A power unstirred by song or poet's lay.
How could he hope to fondly linger there,
Nor breathe, amid that soft voluptuous air,
The mystic fervor of that power which still
Moulds all of life and being at its will.
That power all human souls must still obey,
As suns and systems own its distant sway.
The same the attraction, and the same its cause,
When sun to sun or soul to soul it draws.
Doth this seem strange? yet think,—the heavens above
We deem the home and source of life and love ;
And what hath man's deep searching found afar ?
Sun linked to sun, and circling star to star !
Though in those realms wild comets fiercely run
Eccentric course around some central sun,
And seem to break its sway, but still return
At that bright source to kindle and to burn,
Till, fixed or blasted by the ruling sphere,
In bliss or ruin end their swift career ;

So erring hearts, in this our lower world,
By love are throned in bliss, or into ruin hurled.

They met; his words were few, but o'er his brow
There passed a sense unknown, unfelt till now.
A sense which seemed to speak of coming pain;
He deemed it but some phantom of his brain.
That voice within—alas! would we but hear
Its warning note when fate or foe is near,
How might we 'scape the deep and bitter sense
Of long despair and fruitless penitence!
That warning voice—still heard above the din
Of strife without or darker foes within,
But all unfelt, unheeded, when some strong
And fiery passion hurries us along,
To grasp the bitter fruit which tempting lies,
To mock the lips, but feast the dazzled eyes.

And what of her he loved? She was a child
By nature fresh and winning, warm and wild.
A bright and sparkling creature, pouring forth
Its wealth of light, and joy, and gladsome worth.
Who, under purer teaching, might have grown
A boundless blessing, peerless and alone;
But, schooled too early in the world's vain wile,
Had learned to calmly speak, and blandly smile,
To check each fresher feeling of the heart,
Ere from the lips in kindly tone it part.
To quench each warmer impulse, lest it claim
From frigid hearts and lips the brand of shame.
To gladly move amid the thoughtless crew,

And claim their homage as her rightful due.
Such was Ianthe—soon o'er Leon's heart
To prove the magic of her woman's art,
And rouse a slumbering passion, which would grow
Life's proudest blessing or its deepest woe.

Alas! that one so wrought and formed to love,
Possessing all the softness of the dove,
The sweet low voice, the seraph smile, and all
That woman's form displays to mould and thrall,
Should prove a thing of cold and empty art,
Perfect in all things—wanting but the heart!
She was no mate for him: and yet he felt,
As at that shrine of loveliness he knelt,
The dream, the joy, and all that might have been,
Were earth still Eden, she its sinless queen.
What though no love might kindle at that shrine
A mutual flame, an effluence all divine?
He, born to worship all things bright and fair,
Poured all the incense of his spirit there.
A deep, wild passion,—for his fiery heart
Not yet had learned the world's corroding art.
He viewed her not as woman, for his sight,
Grown blind, and dazzled by her beauty's light,
Crowned her with all that mortal's deepest love
Portrays of saints or angels from above.

What is it that we worship with such vain
Yet quenchless homage? What must still remain
As it hath been, the soul's ideal sense
Of life and beauty; Love's omnipotence

And infinite perfection—the vain dream
Which haunts the spirit till its promptings seem
The voice of God within us! Who hath felt
That first wild passion through his being melt,
Transfuse each sense, and kindle every breath,
Nor owned, with bitter shame, how far beneath
The full fruition of that fiery dream
Even love's most fierce and burning moments seem!

The fatal truth young Leon had not proved:
His dream was this—to love and to be loved,—
To find in her who woke this wild excess
An answering passion—in each warm caress
To feel the thrilling promise of that hour
When each to each shall own the blissful power
Of manhood's strength and woman's softer charms,
And melt and mingle in each other's arms.
As streams which, separate, wander long in vain,
Unite at length, and, bounding to the main,
As still their waves in sweeping concert pour,
Fling life and fragrance round the smiling shore.

What wealth of passion and of joy he drew
From that most living source, until he grew
Oblivious of all passing scenes, and deemed
The earth a heaven, nor wondered if he dreamed!
No more in lonely mood his days were spent;
To each loved spot new charms her presence lent.
Making each blissful scene more blest appear,—
Though loved of yore, yet now more sweetly dear.
Could he be sad while she was by him smiling,

With her sweet tones his sullen thoughts beguiling?
As side by side they wandered 'mid some lone
And lovely scene, with fairest flowers o'ergrown,
Or, when the long bright summer day was ending,
Marked earth's gay tints with hues of sunset blending,
Or gazed upon the lights which shine above,
But most of all on that bright Star of Love,
Whose moonlike radiance, in that sky serene,
Shone like the guardian spirit of the scene.
A vain, delusive splendor! throned afar,
Still doth it beam, a bright but distant star,
And woos the spirit, when the heart is soft,
By tender feelings winged and borne aloft,
To burst the bonds that bind it to this clay,
And soar and mingle with its trembling ray.

Her heart was like the laughing summer's tide,
Reflecting aught which o'er its face may glide,
With fairy-like enchantment—bright, not deep.
Let but the zephyr's breath its current sweep,
And all had faded: his no trace would show
To outward eye of that which slept below;
Let it but feel the breath of passion's hour,
It then betrayed the rushing torrent's power!
Could souls like these in fondest union blend?
Gaze on them now, and let such doubtings end!
See her soft eyes beam forth their tenderest rays,
Mark how he pours his soul in that fond gaze,
Or softly presses on her lip and brow
The burning seal of passion's deepest vow,
And, while her bosom heaves with fluttering sighs,

To her sweet tones his deeper voice replies.
And now as eve's soft shades are gathering near,
Soothes with this boyish lay her pensive ear.

TO IANTHE.

The sun has left the western sky,
And sunk to rest behind the steep;
The evening breeze floats faintly by;
The placid waters calmly sleep.
The trembling stars begin to peep
From out their azure bowers above,
While we, in blissful union, keep
The twilight tryst—the hour of love.
Soft sinks the shade on rock and tree;
No moonlight sheds its silvery cheer,
And yet there is no night to me
While thou art smiling sweetly near!
Too wildly loved, too fondly dear!
I ask no other boon but this,
To feel thy gentle presence here,
To taste thy soft and burning kiss.
O, may no cruel fate dis sever
Our lives, which now so closely twine!
Those lips, where mine would cling forever,
That hand so fondly clasped in mine,
Ah, how—alas, could I resign
For charms of less endearing worth,
And, having tasted joys divine,
Stoop to the grosser founts of earth?

Still may my being mix with thine!
Untouched by time, unchilled by art,
Still let me know thee fondly mine,
Though fate all other bliss should thwart.
O, ever to my life impart
The dream, the joy, the more than heaven,
And to my lone and wayward heart
The rest and peace which thou hast given.

Ah, happy state, which such delight can show :
Such blissful hour can come but once below.
That spell, once lost, can never be restored.
Thrice happy they, who, like the miser's hoard,
Nurse that sweet blossom of the soul's delight,
Nor let the world's cold breath its tender fragrance
blight.

Days came and went, and came and found them still
Unchanged—their hearts as yet had felt no chill.
Still brightly burned that soft and tender flame
In Leon's breast, and she seemed still the same
In heart and word as she had ever been
Since first he owned her as his bosom's queen.
Fond, trustful youth! be happy while you may!
Pluck that sweet flower! it blooms but for a day.
Enjoy the hour whose brightness lingers yet;
The time will come when thou, with vain regret,
Shalt linger o'er each scene of vanished bliss,
And curse the fate which marred so sweet a dream as
this!

It is the hour when twilight shadows creep
O'er hill and dale and mead and crowning steep.
Night sinks upon the wide and swarming hive,
And busy hands and brains forget to strive.
A more than wonted fragrance fills the air,
The very breath of heaven seems floating there ;
And earth seems sinking to that long repose,
The promised twilight of her pangs and woes.
O, who hath felt the softness of that hour
Sink o'er the soul with more than heavenly power,
Nor breathed the wish that man might ne'er again
Awake the world to strife and toil and pain ?
Vain thought ! 'tis but the prelude of that hour,
Far distant yet, when earth shall own the power
And feel the fullness of that time of rest,
So long denied her worn and tortured breast.

The moon arose ; and Leon, by its light,
Walked forth to breathe the freshness of the night,
And lose, beneath that calm and peaceful ray,
The anxious thoughts, which, struggle as we may,
Amid the daily tumult of our life,
Still add their weight to the unequal strife.
Oft had he bathed him in that beam of bliss,
And felt its power, but never aught like this.
So calm, so peaceful, it would almost seem
The sweet reflection of some quiet dream ;
Save when the gently rippling wavelets dash
Against the shore with faint and murmured splash,
Or mournful calling of the whippoorwill

Sounds wierd and lonely from the distant hill.
All sterner sounds, and every ruder breath
Seemed hushed to stillness by the hand of death!
What marvel that a soul like his should melt
To such a scene? and yet he knew and felt
It bore alike the seeds of life and death,
And needed but the lightning's flaming breath
To fill the bosom of that slumbering air
With sights and sounds of anguish and despair.

He wandered on, along the verdured bank,
Whose blooming trees the dewy current drank,
And from their leafy chaplets bent to lave
Their pendant branches in its crystal wave.
What impulse led him, in that moonlit hour,
To trace the pathway to that blissful bower
Where shone those hours of sunny gladness past,
When all above, around, within seemed cast
In one consummate mould of light and love,
Too like a dream of happiness above
For mortal scenes and natures long to wear?
He did not hope to find Ianthe there,
Yet, scarcely conscious of the path he took,
His practiced footsteps sought the peaceful nook.
It was a lone and lovely spot, beside
The quiet river's deep and placid tide
Of ever-murmuring waters, where there grew
A stately elm, whose hoary branches threw
Their broad and leafy arms above, and made,
O'erhead, a deep impenetrable shade.
A branching vine its verdant wealth had flung

From limb to limb, whose mantling foliage hung
In careless wreaths, and drooping to the ground,
Had formed a close and charmed circle round.
Its gnarled root and massive trunk, o'ergrown
With native moss, had formed a mimic throne,
Where Love might sit and dream the hours away,
And watch the dancing waves beneath him play,
Or Fancy's boundless realms of light and air survey.

Few days had passed since Leon lingered there,
And heard Ianthe's trembling lips declare
That, for a season, she must bid adieu
To scenes where love and joy so sweetly grew,
And seek again the gilded city's pride,
To do a service none might do beside
For a dear friend—though love still urged her stay,
Yet duty called her, and she must away.
And how could he such trustful zeal reprove?
And so, with many a tender word of love,
And whispered promise of a quick return,
She had departed; leaving him to burn
In swift impatience for the destined hour
Of sweet reunion—he had gained the bower,
With thoughtful step, and slow and pensive air,
And softly enters—ha! what sees he there?
It is Ianthe—she, returned so soon,
And sitting there beneath the smiling moon,
With love and her own peaceful thoughts alone,
Dreaming perchance of him. Ah, had he known
How soon must fall the mask she long had worn,
Revealing depths of cold and heartless scorn

He had not fathomed ! With a thrill of pride,
And eager footstep he approached her side,
And bending forward, trembling with delight,
Yet scarce believing that he sees aright,
“Ianthé, dearest, is it thou ?” he cried—
Then sudden stopped, for seated at her side
He saw—one arm in tender dalliance placed
Around the outline of her yielding waist—
A stranger form, who, starting to his feet,
In voice whose tremor seemed of passion’s heat—
Fear, manhood’s guise must ever disavow—
Thus rudely questioned: “Who and what art thou,
That dost presume thus boldly to invade
The lone retirement of this rural shade,
And thus, in tones familiar, to address
This lady with such words of tenderness ?
Had you not chanced a colder form to meet,
Methinks your greeting had been wondrous sweet !
Say, didst thou hope to find her lonely here,
Soft vows of love from lips like thine to hear ?
Speak ! ere I trample from your shrinking breast
The trembling truth, already half confessed.”

With heart of fire, but voice of outward calm,
Young Leon answered : “Who and what I am
Brief answer claims—enough, that I am here—
That I remain is proof how little fear
Your boasts inspire—another time and place
Might test their value—now there is no space
For further words between us,—what I seek
This lady best can answer—let her speak.”

Ianthe, pale, bewildered and amazed,
Till now had trembling stood, and mutely gazed
Upon the scene ; but soon, with ready smile,
And woman's quick and ever-present wile,
She answered : " Carlos, this is but a friend,
Who has mistaken friendship's scope and end ;
And deems it thus his province to declare
In that regard a more than common care,
And earnest zeal ; perhaps he yet may learn
The meet reward such diligence may earn ;
But from its present proof we humbly crave
A kind release." With this, her arm she gave
To her companion, and with cold adieu,
And mock obeisance, from the scene withdrew.

He spoke not, moved not—though each burning word
Fell on his heart like molten flame, and stirred
A torture there, which for a season left
Each outward sense of life and power bereft.
As one who in some dreadful dream doth hear
What fills his soul with more than mortal fear,
And strives to start and cry, but cannot break
The horrid spell which binds him, nor awake.

Meanwhile the heavens, so bright above his head
An hour ago, grew sullen now as lead ;
He heeded not the swiftly darkening skies,
Nor muttered warning of the tempest's rise ;
But there he stood, as stands the riven oak,
When rent, dismantled, by the thunder's stroke.
A bolt had fallen,—not, indeed, from heaven ;

That were a blessing all too kindly given,
Since life at once had sunk beneath the blow,
And he must live to bear his weight of woe.
And onward still, in all its fury, came
The gathering tempest in its car of flame.
The angry lightning flashed across his path,
In lurid token of the coming wrath.
This roused him from his trance; he turned and fled,
He recked not whither, so his pathway led
Far from the ghastly, hated spot, where all
His cherished hopes had known so deep a fall.
Where should he turn him in that lonely hour
To find a refuge from the tempest's power?
Shall he retrace the pathway he had come,
And seek again the cheerless light of home,
Where curious eyes and prying looks might seek
To read the secret of his altered cheek,
Or find, 'mid barren rocks and scenes more rude,
Some spot in keeping with his reckless mood?

Beneath the shadow of an ancient rock,
Which long had brooked the tempest's wildest shock,
And seemed, even now, to lift more proudly high
Its giant crest beneath the midnight sky,
And rear its form with stern and rugged grace,
As glad to shelter in its strong embrace,
In this lone hour of night and clouds and storm,
That wayward heart, that proud, but fragile form,
Who, when those scenes were bright, and skies more
So oft had lain in listless dreaming there— [fair,

Not trembling now, but pale and cold he stood.
Beneath him rolled the torrent's foaming flood ;
Around him swept the tempest's wildest wrath ;
The tall oaks shivering in the whirlwind's path,
The dashing waters and the lightning's flash,
The wild wind's moaning and the thunder's crash,
Seemed but a mockery to the fierce control
Of that wild passion storming through his soul !
Though skies might rend, and sweeping waters roar,
And midnight storm o'erwhelm him in its power,
What recked he of their vain and fruitless strife ?
These could not add a terror to his life ;
The fairest promise which that life had borne
Lay crushed and trampled 'neath the feet of scorn.
And yet he did not dash himself along
The reeling earth, nor pour his voice in strong
And fierce complaint upon the sweeping blast ;
Its feeble strength he knew would soon be past,
And morn arise with face serenely fair,
And earth spread forth her blooming verdure there—
But not for him, since he no more might dwell
'Mid those bright scenes he once had loved so well.

The clouds rolled onward ; dim and fainter grew
The lightning's glare, the echoing peals more few,
And now at distance slowly died away.
The brightening east revealed the coming day ;
Hill, stream, and vale are slowly bodied forth,
And light once more awakes the gladdened earth ;
Young, bright, and vigorous from that night of gloom,

And gaily smiling in its freshened bloom.
Ah, how unlike the human heart it seems ! [dreams.
The storm which wrecks youth's summer wealth of
Leaves but a lone and desert waste of years,
A sterile tract, where flower nor bloom appears.

The storm had passed ; and with it seemed to wane
The maddening fire, the whirlwind of his brain.
The tumult ceased : and in his soul there grew
The stern resolve to be, to bear, and do
Whate'er the present hour or future fate
Should yet demand to conquer or await.
Though summer visions might no more beguile,
Nor Nature woo him with her gentle smile,
Nor his rapt soul, with glad exulting bound,
See life and beauty blooming all around ;
Though his young heart, its fondest hopes o'erthrown,
Must learn to wear a coldness not its own,
And wake to wrestle with a sterner life,
Still would he prove a victor in the strife !
That he would live for triumph ; that his name
Should yet become a thing and sound of fame,
That honor's meed should on his steps attend,
And men be proud to know and call him friend.
And with that altered feeling grew the thought,
Within his being so intensely wrought,
That she, who thus had scorned him in his young
And fervent love, when Fame at length had flung
Her gleaming garland o'er his manhood's brow,
Would know the heart she spurned and trampled now.

But all too late, since time could not restore
The light and freshness life had worn before.

And Leon gazed upon each once loved scene,
Which late the hope of peace and joy had been,
And while o'er all his parting glance he flung,
Forth from his heart these notes of anguish sprung :

FAREWELL.

Ye vernal shades, and brightly blooming bowers,
Which smile so gaily 'neath the morning beam,—
Scenes where I knew so many joyous hours,
How languid now and cold your glances seem !
In vain for me are strewn your fairest flowers ;
In vain your bright and sparkling waters gleam ;
The charm which lit your sunny scenes is dead,
Your glory passed away, your bloom forever fled !

And thou, sweet dream of love and lost delight !
Bright heavenly source, from which my spirit drew
Ethereal fire, till my bewildered sight

Deemed all the earth transfigured to your hue :
Sweet hour of love and joy, how swift your flight !

How could I think, while *her* sweet presence threw
Such wild enchantment o'er my raptured thought,
That by her hand so soon such ruin should be wrought !

She deemed me but a trifler, like the rest,—

Her fawning train ; a vain and thoughtless boy,
A heartless thing, to be an hour caressed,
Then thrown aside for a more gilded toy.

She little thought that in this quiet breast

There dwelt a feeling time could not destroy,—
A sleepless impulse, born for weal or woe :
Her hand might fan the flame, but could not quench
its glow !

Farewell, ye scenes with love and rapture fraught ;

I must depart—yet, ere I bid adieu,
Fain would I fling around each once loved spot,
Which she may often linger to review,
A haunting memory, a regretful thought,
Each word, each act, each token to renew,
Till she shall feel at length how worse than vain
Are art and falsehood's charms Love's vengeance to
restrain.

And if, perchance, a coming hour shall prove,

Your inspiration was not given in vain ;
If that pure passion which I vainly strove
To find in her, shall waken in my strain,
And teach my harp a softer chord of love,
To soothe my spirit's deep and lasting pain,
Then shall my song in notes of triumph swell,
And I shall bless the hour I bade these scenes farewell.

And he went forth—the youth, no more a boy,
Since past that hope and quenched that dream of joy,
Which he had cherished since his natal hour,
Deep in his heart, a germ of wondrous power,
Till, 'neath the fickle beam of woman's smile,
It sprung to life and bloomed a little while—
Surpassing fair ! but, ere his eager hand

Could grasp the fruit, as by the enchanter's wand,
It changed its mocking semblance, and became
Within his breast a heart consuming flame.
And he went forth—the youth, a boy no more,
Went forth to roam, an adept in that lore
Which bids its tortured victims to conceal
What most their rent and anguished bosoms feel,
And, moving 'mid the gay and heartless throng,
On passion's reckless current borne along,
Seem what they are not—'neath the mask of pride,
The wounded heart and barren life to hide.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INVOCATION.

1876.

Lords of our Land ! who are shrined in her story !

Fearless in fight when her fetters were broke ;

Laden with laurels, and girdled with glory,—

Dare we, dread shadows, your presence invoke ?

Lo ! Columbia, chief birth

Of fair Freedom on earth,

Adds a century's star to the crown of her worth !

Ye ! who warred for the wreath which adorned her
young brow,

Should rejoice in the glory that garlands it now.

Sages and heroes ! long silent in slumber,

Rouse from the stately repose of the dead !

Cast off the cerements which shroud you and cumber ;

Bask in the beams that your glory hath shed !

See ! with storm-flashing eye,

'Mid the lightnings on high,

Still your eagle soars sunward thro' Liberty's sky !

And the star blazoned-folds of the flag you unfurled

With the sheen of its splendor hath wakened the world !

Clothed in a clime where no thralldom hath flourish'd,
Washed by the wave that no sceptre hath spanned,
The seed, by the blood of your martyrdom nourish'd,
With the bloom of its blossoms hath laden our land.

Lo! the harvest of gold
On her bosom unrolled!

'Tis a treasure of gladness to millions untold!
And we, who have garnered the fruits of your toil,
Swear anew that no tyrant your trust shall despoil.

Lords of the Past! Ye are shrined in our story:
Strong were your hearts that your sons might be free.
Stern was the strife, but your hands were not gory:
Stainless your spirits as freemen should be!

Wake! When Freedom's first word,
Faint and trembling was heard,

How the pulse in each patriot bosom was stirred!
Now her voice, pealing forth on the joy-burthen'd air,
Bids ye rise, in this hour of her triumph to share!

GATHERING OF THE GODS.

Uncle Samuel remarked to Columbia, "You know,
'Tis our golden wedding this year,
'Tis long since we've had a tea party, and so
We will make this a stunner, my dear.

No copper centennial the thing shall be,
But a season of special splendor;
And then if my funds should fail, you see,
I can fall back on legal tender.

We'll send word to Apollo, and Vulcan, and Mars,
To Minerva, Diana and Venus;
You know they've obliged us by lending their stars,
Which is tarnation handsome, between us."

So they sent up a man in a Barnum balloon—
Quite an airy-nautical plan,
For instead of returning to terra,—the lune—
He landed in Lake Michigan!

So the day arrived, and the guests were there—
How in splendor celestial they glowed!
Each god so gracious, each goddess so fair,
Dressed up in the height of the mode.

First Mars appeared, with his shining suite,
His drum the echoes awoke,—
Fired a couple of rockets by way of salute,
But the third terminated in smoke.

Apollo came next, of the lyre sublime ;

“ I owe you an ode,” quoth he.

Said Orpheus, “ Though wittier than most of rhyme,
Rather long, fellow poet, for me.”

And Mercury too, always up to a trick,

You never know where to find him,

Slipped over by cable to Halifax, quick,

Leaving Time, the old stager, behind him.

To New York, via Boston, he thundered by rail,—

Met Vulcan, just in by steamship,

And together they boarded the lightning mail,—

And hurrah ! what a glorious trip !

But Jupiter, he who so thundered of yore,

Sent regrets—“ Would be glad to have come,

But thought, on account of young Theodore,

His best policy was to keep mum.”

And Minerva was there, with a model in clay

Of mankind on a primitive plan ;

She declared she was going to have her way,

In spite of the tyrant man.

Said Apollo to Cupid—sly rogue—with a wink,

“ Young man, what’s become of Diana ?”

Said the urchin, “ She’s helpin’ Columby, I tink,

Pin de stahs on de Stah Spangled Bannah.”

And Venus and Mars grew fond as of yore,

In spite of old Vulcan’s fierce glances ;

Mars whispered, “ My dear, let us fly to that shore

Where, crowned with Havana, Love dances.

But Bachhus, poor fellow, he got so tight,
That he stumbled as last in the gutter,
And singing, "My love, she is pure as the light,"
They carried him off on a shutter.

And the eagle looked down from his home in the sky
And he said, with a scream so shrill:
"I have n't enjoyed such a grand old fly
Since the battle of Bunker Hill!

SOUTHERN CENTENNIAL HYMN.

The hundredth year of Freedom's life!
And this, that should be crown of all,
Beholds her, girt with factious strife,
Grown faint, and tottering to her fall!
Shall we, her sons, supinely stand,
Nor guard her fane with fearless hand?

A century that shrine hath stood,
A refuge for the world's oppress'd;
Baptized in ancient days in blood,
That rite may yet its worth attest.
But what the doom to those decreed
Whose traitorous hearts inspire such need!

Shall minions clank their gilded chains,
And prate of law, beneath the walls
Where Fame, since nought beside remains,
The glorious memory still recalls
Of patriots nourished by the soil
These hirelings claim as conquered spoil?

Though fearless tones our wrongs repeat,
Bribed Justice, when the tale is told,
Sits nodding, while beneath her feet
The purchased statesman counts his gold,
And smiles with slavish joy to see
His treason yield so rich a fee.

What then—shall patriot tongues be mute,
Or sink in plaintive pleading there?
No! Freedom scorns a lowly suit!
Would we her proud insignia wear,
Like that each elder patriot bore,
It must, like theirs, be dipped in gore!

Your fathers fought at Bunker Hill—
For what? The primal right of man!
We hold that guerdon sacred still,
And guard it with what strength we can.
In Freedom's name the sword they drew,
We live to bear and wield it too.

Shall those who bear it fear to strike,
Or tremble at a lordly will?
Let hirelings call us what they like,

We stand as Freedom's champions still !
Urge on your howling dogs of war !
Ye soon shall find whose sons we are.

Rebellion? 'Tis the tyrant's plea !

It nerves the patriot's deadly stroke.
Your fathers bore it, and would ye

Turn back and bind the chains they broke ?
Degenerate sons of rebel stock—
And dare ye thus their manhood mock ?

Awake ! thou mighty voice, which stirred
Each ancient heart, now cold and dumb !

“ What plea for servile peace is heard ?

I answer—let the conflict come !
Let cowards sue with bated breath :
Our watch-word—Liberty or Death !”

CUSTER.

Over the shining western plain,
Forth from the sunset's flaming fold,
Smiting the heart of the nation with pain,
Thrilling the pulse in the hearer's vein,
Tidings of strange disaster rolled!
Custer, the chieftain of martial frame,
The gallant soldier of spotless fame,
Piercing the heart of the savage hold,
Grappling the cougar in his den,
Charging with thrice an hundred men—
Custer and all his band are slain!

Far had the squadron rode that day,
Speeding to seek the promised fray;
And now, when day's declining sun
His westward slope had well begun,
Tidings are brought that the goal is won;
And vanward scouts report at length
An Indian camp of uncounted strength.
How the heart of the daring leader stirred
In his dauntless breast when the news was heard!
Swinging his sombrero high in air—
" 'Tis Custer's luck," he cried, " hurra !
My comrades bold ! in fortune's play,
A goodly prize we've drawn to-day !
We've tracked the panther to his lair,
And we'll drive him forth to slay ! "

Straight to the heart of the savage hold
Onward the fated phalanx rolled,

Little they dreamed of the slumbering wrath
Coiled like a serpent along their path ;
Sudden, from legions of ambushed foes,
The thundering war-cry round them rose,
And a flaming girdle about them glows !
Vain was their answering volley poured
In the swarming ranks of the savage horde ;
Vain their leader's voice and word !
Vain, 'mid the blinding battle smoke,
Charge of steed and sabre stroke !
Fiercely the hissing death-shots flew,
Piercing the shattered column through :
Gallant were they, but all too few !
'Gainst the withering tempest of burning hail,
What could their desperate valor avail ?
None survived to tell the tale !

Peace to the gallant souls who died,
Chieftain and kindred and comrades tried !
Custer ! for thee a hero's dirge !
Ever the foremost on danger's verge,
Thou, when the battle's rage increased,
Revelled as one at a joyous feast.
When shall thy country's annals show
Another so ready to meet the foe ?
Who in her battle's front afar
Now shall shine like a guiding star ?
Who, when the deadly strife is done,
Tell the tale of her triumphs won ?
Many a gallant son hath she,
But none—brave Custer—none like thee !

CUBA.

Where now, Columbia, is thy prideful boast,
Late voiced to all the winds, amid the roar
Of an enfranchised race, that nevermore
Beneath the flame from Freedom's banner tost,
The slave should crouch, nor proud oppression's host
Beat down the helpless? Lo, where Cuba stands,—
Thy younger sister, and with out-stretch'd hands
Implores thy aid,—denied when needed most.
Each westward wave which breaks with flashing crest.
Upon thy coast, is crimsoned with the tide
Which flows from out her gashed and bleeding breast—
Red with the blood of victims who have died
In Freedom's cause, and wafts the hellish roar
Of Spanish bloodhounds on her fated shore !

THE POE MONUMENT.

'Tis done ! Too long unhonored, and unknown
To stranger eyes the poet's dust hath lain :
Now shall his name, in sculptured splendor shown,
Blend Art's enchantment with his faultless strain.

How dark his life and desolate its close !

How slander strove to blacken his good name :
But falsehoods springing from the lips of foes
Have grown at last the garland of his fame.

No more let Memory, musing o'er his past,
Recall the woes by which his life was torn ;
The shades which seemed by fitful passion cast
Were from the splendors of his genius born.

And ye, bright band ! whose faithful hands uprear
The sacred shrine, your task of love is o'er ;
Your chosen names, though unrecorded here,
Entwined with his, shall perish—nevermore !



EPITAPH FOR POE.

Upon the stone, with living sculpture graced,
Nor legend shines, nor lengthened line is traced.
Ask you the cause ? All human praise were weak :
His verse hath taught the voiceless bird to speak !

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AN ARTIST, WHO LEFT AN UNFINISHED PICTURE
ENTITLED "THE END IS DEATH."

The end is death ! Ah, too portentous theme !
Designed too early—though so late begun—
Since Life, resentful at the daring dream,
Withdrew her light and left the work undone.

Here, where the proofs from Art's creative hand
Profusely strewn, attest thy living skill,
And mute ideals of thy Fancy stand
Instinct with life—*thou* liest cold and still !

The wizard glance, to pierce the storied past—
The power to bid its shadows reappear,
And give them garb and semblance which shall last—
These were thine own, and these are buried here.

But for the rest—the high congenial mind,
Art, Honor, Fame, outlast the fleeting breath.
These in our hearts a fitting record find,
And who of these shall say—the end is death.

SONNET

TO A LADY SINGING.

So tranquilly of late my life hath sped,
My heart, unstirred by Love's deceitful skill,
Had quite forgot the old transporting thrill
Which once along my bounding pulses played.
'Till, by rash Hope's misguiding lure betrayed
Within the circling magic of thy voice,
Too late my bosom rues the fatal choice!
Contending raptures all my sense invade,
And slumbering Passion stirs to life again,—
While Memory, long unused to notes like these,
In shuddering sorrow wakes to sudden pain,
And pleads, "O, rare enchanting songstress, cease
Vex not my chords with Love's tempestuous strain,
But gently murmur sounds of rest and peace."

TO —

In those bright days when you and I were young,
Ere time had dealt so bitterly with me,—
When, rapt in heavenly trance, I mutely hung
On thy low tones, so heavenly sweet to me.

I longed to make the earth a golden scene
Of summer sunshine, whereon we might dwell
In fadeless youth—thou an immortal queen,
And I thy serf, to guard and love thee well.

Now, when the years that darkly gulfed between
Have ceased to flow, and ebbing, bade us meet,
I, dreaming of the joys that might have been,
Taste thy soft kiss, erewhile so passing sweet.

Too late ! too late ! I read upon thy cheek
Deep graven lines of doubt and care and pain ;
Life's summer past, all vainly would I seek
To bid its flowers revive and bloom again.

SONNET

To ———

Standing alone amid the waste of years,
With all my withered hopes around me strown,
I seemed a wreck by tempest overblown,
A life foredoomed to anguish and to tears.
When lo, within my darkened sky appears [sight
That beam which once entranced by boyhood's
A little while, then sunk in sudden night,
And left my soul a prey to doubts and fears.
I deemed it quenched. Ah ! faithless heart of mine.
I did not know 'twas but the tempter's art.
Could passing clouds blot out a light divine,
Or quench a beam of heaven itself a part,
Or anger rest in bosom soft as thine,
Or hatred dwell with one so pure of heart ?

LINES.

'Tis vain to mourn o'er vanished dreams,
Or weep at joy's untimely tomb.
When hope hath shed her latest beams,
Remembrance adds but deeper gloom.

In vain, with dew of bitter tears
We nurse the hard ungenial soil :
No harvest comes in after years,
To glad the hapless mourner's toil.

Yet who, that drains the foaming cup
Of life till sweets no longer flow,
At Lethe's fount would fill it up,
And lose alike both bliss and woe ?

No ! rather let me live again
The blissful hours which once were mine ;
My soul will never heed the pain
Which springs from memories so divine.

LINES.

I would my breast were all unfeeling,
My heart, like thine, were cold and still !
That tender memories, o'er me stealing,
No more had power its pulse to thrill.

Yet still my heart is fondly clinging
To dreams of joys now lost and fled,
And memory's sacred chords are ringing
Their ceaseless strains above the dead !

DESOLATION.

Across the current of my soul
No surging waves of passion roll,
But silence spreads its weird control.

Beneath its surface, calm and deep,
The wrecks of hope, a mouldering heap,
Lie hushed in everlasting sleep.

The thoughts of youth—its hopes and fears—
The dreams of unforgotten years—
And smiles of love and passion's tears.

But yet, at midnight's solemn hour,
When darkness reigns with mystic power,
Nor winds awake, nor tempests lower,—

Beneath the weird enchanted skies,
The sheeted ghosts of memory rise,
To mock my soul with vacant eyes !

O, heart with memory's curse oppress'd !
O, tortured soul, which fain would rest,
No more by maddening thought distress'd—

Will it ne'er come—that slumber deep,
That long, that unremembering sleep,
From which thou ne'er shalt wake to weep ?

THE CROWN OF FIRE.

Once, in that golden empire which long since
Hath faded from the earth, and now remains
A vague tradition of the shadowy past—
By men called Cloudland or the Land of Dreams—
There dwelt a queen—a proud and haughty queen,
Who loved no mortal being as herself.
And there was one, a strange and wayward youth,
Who often came and worshipped at her feet,
And gave her gifts and incense of sweet praise ;
And yet at times with such a haughty air,
He seemed the while to rather take than give.
Till she at length was smitten with deep love,
And sent and called him to her royal bower,
And bade him lay aside his humble garb,
And don a kingly robe ; and on his head
She placed a crown, a rare and jeweled crown,
Of strange enchanted worth, which he who wore
Might ne'er put off nor lose by mortal power—
The hand of death alone could tear it thence.
And gave him all her secret wealth of love,
And all the beauty of her regal form,
And all the people said, Behold a king !

But she at length grew weary of his love ;
And since no more he bowed and worshipped her,
Nor gave her gifts and incense of sweet praise,
She said, “ Get hence beyond my palace gates.
Thou shalt no more be king and lord of me,

Nor monarch of my bosom ; get thee forth ;
 Thou shalt bow down and worship as of yore."
 And so she called her willing slaves, and bade
 That they should take away his robe and crown.
 And they despoiled him of his royal robe ;
 But when they came to take away his crown,
 It flashed and glowed with an unearthly light,
 And all who touched it withered at the flame.

And so they could not take away the crown.
 And he went forth beyond the palace gates,
 And when the queen came forth upon her way,
 And all the people bowed and worshipped her,
 He bowed not down nor worshipped, but stood up,
 And gazed upon her with a look of stern
 And dark reproach and sadness and deep love.
 And when she said, " Bow down before thy queen !"
 He coldly said, " Thou art no queen to me.
 I know thee but as woman : have I not
 Proved all thy rare and precious wealth of love,
 And nightly leaned above thy throbbing breast ?
 As for this gift, this crown I wear, 'twas given
 By her who was my queen, but is no more.
 And shall I then bow at a woman's feet,
 And soil the gift she gave ? I will not bow."
 And so she called her royal slaves, and bade
 That they should take away his kingly crown.
 And when her slaves would fain obey her will,
 It flashed and flamed with an unearthly light,
 And all who touched it perished at the flame !

And so he kept his crown ; and ever still
As she went forth upon her royal way,
And all the people bowed and worshipped her,
He met, and gazed upon her with that look
Of stern reproach and sadness and deep love.

STANZAS.

What to me remains of the vanished years, [desire?
That were filled with a passionate dream and wild
Naught but the ashes of hope, and the bitter tears
Wrung from a bosom bereft of its former fire.

Naught but the ashes of hope, and the burning tear
Dropped on the grave of love and of lost delight.
Gone is the golden glow, and hath left me here
Lonely and dark, in the gloom of a starless night.

Was it for this that I strove with an earnest strength,
Dreaming of Fame and the triumph of deathless Art,
Hoping the voice of my song might awaken at length
An answering throb in the world's great passionate
heart?

Not for me is a place on the glorious roll [flame ;
Of her names which are carven in letters of fadeless
Only the gloom of a darkened and desolate soul,
Pent in the walls of a ruined and wasted frame.

She that I loved—that I cherished with faith as strong
As the trust that I felt in the stars of the changeless
sky,
At the whisper of malice, the hiss of a slanderous tongue,
Left me alone in my madness to wither and die.
Left me to wither and die—for is it not death
To be vacant of love that exalts and of hope that
inspires?
All is not life which is fed by the flickering breath:
Dead is the heart that no longer exults or desires.
Nothing remains but the gloom of a starless night;
Faded the beam that allured, and the vision is fled.
Naught but the memory of love and of lost delight,
Mocking my soul as the face of a lover dead!

LINES.

The heart in selfish sadness bowed,
But fears the gloom that shrouds its way;
I tremble not at sorrow's cloud,
But mourn with tears thy vanished ray!
Could I but know thy gentle beam
Shone brightly in the heavens on high,
Though sorrow's lightnings round me gleam,
I'd smile, to think that thou wert nigh.
O, sacred flame of heavenly birth,
Shine forth, and let my spirit be,
Though darkened by the clouds of earth,
A silent worshipper of thee!

SHALL WE MEET.

Shall we meet when the darkness hath flown
Which hath covered our lives with eclipse :
Wilt thou know me as ne'er thou hast known
When I greet thee with glorified lips ?

When the years shall have finished their flight,
Which so long have been vacant and vain,
Shall we rise to a dream of delight
Which shall more than repay me their pain ?

Shall the dread and the doubt and the gloom
Which have burthened my being so long,
Be the casket that bides in the tomb
While the spirit hath splendor and song ?

When we rove through the amaranth bowers,
In that season of sorrowless bliss,
Wilt thou wreath me the garland of flowers
My fate hath refused me in this ?

When we speak of the desolate past,
In the sheen of that shadowless shore,
Shall we wonder that love should outlast
All the clouds which obscured it before ?

When we gaze on the stars and the sun,
As they move in their measureless spheres,
Shall we know that our spirits are one
By a love that outlasteth their years ?

In that world shall we mingle and burn,
Who so long have been sundered in this,
While my soul to a seraph shall turn
As it glows in the fire of thy kiss ?

LINES.

'Tis done ! the flattering tale is told,
Which late with rapture filled my heart.
No more its pages shall unfold ;
No more of life or hope impart.

Its joys, its griefs, its smiles, its tears,
No more in varied tones shall swell ;
The only voice my spirit hears
Proclaims the final word, farewell !

Then welcome passion's reckless strife,
The vacant heart, the aching brow ;
My heart hath known its all of life,
And what remains is worthless now.

TO —

Thou, whose smile around me shining,
Filled me once with fond delight,
Then, in clouds of doubt declining,
Sunk and left me hopeless night.
Lone hath been my way, and dreary,
Since you parted from my side.
Now my spirit, worn and weary,
Claims the boon so long denied.

Yes! the cord of life is broken ;
And my spirit, fettered long,
Hears the welcome summons spoken,
Rise, to join the ransomed throng.
Swift the sands of life are gliding ;
Haste to keep thy parting vow.
Let thy lips, no longer chiding,
Kiss the anguish from my brow !

Be the bitter past forgiven—
All the woe my madness wrought.
Let our hearts, no longer riven,
Mix in one unchanging thought.
Bid the clouds of doubt no longer
O'er my soul their blackness cast.
Strong is death, but love is stronger—
Let it triumph now at last !

Let thy hand, my forehead pressing,
Cool the fever burning there,
And thy lips, my lips caressing,
Blend with mine their voiceless prayer.
Let thy form, above me bending,
Soothe my sorrow's latest night ;
And thy voice to heaven ascending
Waft my spirit in its flight.

TO THE OHIO.

River, which from two living fountains fed,
Speed'st proudly onward in majestic flight,
No wrathful power shall ever disunite
Thy mingled tides, till their far course be sped.
Like dream was mine in joyous years now fled ;
When, blest with love, beside thy peaceful shore,
A blended life with mine I proudly bore—
Now lost to me—though living, doubly dead.
A wanderer now, my lonely lot is cast
Upon thy stream, a thousand miles below ;
O, let thy wave, in tumult strong and vast,
Still bear me on, unheeding where I go—
Though sundered far, yet linked to all the past
By love's wild memory, ceaseless as thy flow.

TO —.

O, would that I had seen thee cold and dead !
Had looked my last upon thy living face,
And viewed thy queenly arms serenely laid
Across thy breast, in death's secure embrace.

That nevermore those living orbs might beam
Upon my own, with cold unloving glance;
A hideous mockery of that blissful dream
Which rapt us once in sweet and heavenly trance !

Then might I, stealing from the busy throng,
At eve recline above thy peaceful breast ;
And wreath with flowers of rare and honeyed song
Thy name, in life and death beloved the best.

But ah, how cold and vacant is my lot !
To lose thee living—not to mourn thee dead.
And nurse for aye the wild regretful thought
Of love departed, truth forever fled.

LINES

ON HEARING THE CATHEDRAL CHIMES, CHRISTMAS
MORNING, 1871.

'Tis midnight: the hours in their swift flight are
winging

The dawn of a season the brightest of earth.
Hark! the bells a soft anthem of rapture are ringing;
'Tis the promise of gladness, the prelude of mirth.

For me there is nothing to cheer or to gladden:
Only memories of joys which forever have flown.
And the dreams of the days that are past will but
madden

And torture my brain till the darkness be gone.

But O, may the couch where my loved one reposes
Be crowned with sweet pleasures which never will
fade.

May her dreams waft the scent of perennial roses,
That bloom where no falsehood nor sorrow invade.

And may the bright day which is dawning in splendor
Be the promise to her of long years of delight.

May her life be encompassed with rapture as tender
As mine, could I prove it, would yield her to-night.

PARTING.

To gaze once more into thy deep blue eyes,
And through the misty veil which o'er them lies,
To trace the swift revealings which declare
The wealth of loving memories cherished there.
To taste once more thy wild and burning kiss,
Which speaks of former scenes of love and bliss—
To sink once more upon thy loving breast,
And feel that sense of uncomplaining rest—
And then to part—to part, but not in hate;
But by a kind of half-relenting fate,
Which binds our souls in an untimely death;
For each shall bear our weight of mortal breath,
But what availeth that, while each shall keep
Dim watch where hope and love lie buried deep,
No more to be awakened; nevermore
Shall morn arise with gladness as of yore,
Nor day be filled with hope, nor coming night
Yield sweet fruition and serene delight.
Forever wrapped in sorrow's mantling fold,
Beneath whose shadow, formless, dark and cold,
Affection sleeps, and love remains untold.

SONNET.

To M——

Lo, on this silvery talisman, whose sheen,
So decked, outshines the costly diamond's flame,
I view inscribed thy sweet and sacred name,
Beloved! though mine no more as thou hast been.
Yon flaming sun his potent fire shall yield,
Which lights the bosom of the darkened earth,
And calls her slumbering gladness into birth,
Ere from my breast shall part this mystic shield.
Yes! I will make thy name a deathless thing.
And men shall kneel above thy grave, and say,
'She loved him! what strange fate compelled to stray
So far apart, lives which so close did cling
They seemed as one—till doubt and severance came
And left him but her memory, and—a name?'

LINES.

Fond vows of love in youth's bright moments spoken
Are ne'er forgot, howe'er the life may range;
Love's tie, once formed, can never more be broken;
But links the soul through every chance and change.
And faithful hearts, though severed long by fate,
Still wear the freshness of their early years.
And they who keep love's truth shall soon or late
Clasp hands again, and smile at doubts and fears.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

“ Secure the shadow ere the substance fade.”
A motto trite, but well and aptly said ;
And oft recurring, as with anxious eye,
We gaze on forms which bloom, alas ! to die.
Be wise in time ; improve the present hour ;
Pluck while we may the rose of Beauty’s bower,
And from its bloom, an evanescent joy,
Extract a balm, a sweetness to destroy
The poison minglings of the cup of life,
And soothe the anguish of its parting strife.

Such is the strain which has of late been sung
In every land by almost every tongue.
But whose the hand that first essayed to twine
Of living Light a wreath for Memory’s shrine ?
’Twas thine, Daguerre ! On thy daring thought
The mystic flash its first impression wrought ;
And the swift sunbeam, glancing idly by,
Grew filled with life to thy prophetic eye.
Immortal Frenchman ! gathering as we may
The ripening harvest of the present day,
To thee we turn, and to thy honored name
Repay the meed its worth may justly claim.
Thou sowed’st the seed, and, toiling through the night,
Wert crowned at last with Fame’s undying light.

And thou, too, glorious Morse ! whose laureled head,
Thrice crowned, now sleeps among the honored dead !
A nation mourns thee, and shall we refrain
To yield thy name a tributary strain ?
Who bade the lightning from the deep arise,
Or stoop submissive from the stormy skies,
Take form and shape, the rolling globe to span,
And speed obedient to the thought of man.
While those who, envious of thy glorious fame,
Now seek a share in thy immortal claim,
Shrank back appalled before the skeptic's might,
Thy trenchant hand alone maintained the fight !
Till the rude scoff and mocking jest at last
Were turned to swell thy fame's triumphant blast.

Nor this, alone ; when first our infant Art
Was born and cradled at a foreign heart,
Thy care was first to nurture and sustain ;
And bear in triumph o'er the western main ;
In a new clime to flourish and expand,
Repay thy care, and own thy fostering hand.
Soon shall her votaries, gathering far and near,
A numerous concourse, at her shrine appear ;
There each his tribute yield, and each uplift
His hand to claim their patron's latest gift—
Thy form, though hid for age from mortal sight,
For each shall shine, portrayed in living light.

Read at the annual meeting of the National Photographic Association, St. Louis, May 9, 1872. At which was presented to each member of the Association, a photographic portrait of Prof. Morse, from a sitting for that purpose, a few months before his death.

DAVID'S LAMENT.

How are the mighty fallen! and those that were
formed for war,

Smote by a stronger foeman, become as the feeblest are!
Fierce was their ire in the battle; swifter than eagles
they;

Strong as the trampling lion, raging to rend the prey!

Kingly in form was the father; princely of soul the son.
Equal their lives in valor, in death they were crowned
as one.

Red was the shield of Saul and his sword with the
blood of the slain.

And Jonathan's bow from the slaughter returned not
empty in vain.

Weep for the mighty fallen! daughters of Israel, weep!
Clothed in their country's sorrow, let them sleep as
the brave should sleep.

Weep for the glory departed! the weapons of war
laid low!

And those that were mighty in battle smote by a
stronger foe!

THE SLEEPER.

How still that form ! while those around are weeping,
She stirs not, heeds not, she is calmly sleeping.
When was it thus ? While many a weary night
And painful day pursued their tedious flight,
With sleepless love, and true and tender care,
She watched o'er those who watch her sleeping there.
She was not wont thus silently to lie
Whilst others wept ; each faint and fluttering sigh,
Each throb of pain, still caught her listening ear
And wakeful eye, forever hovering near.
Yes, mighty Death ! thy presence, cold and strange,
On that worn face hath wrought a wondrous change !
Yet who shall say, dread monster as thou art,
Thy hand with her hath dealt a ruthless part ?
No shade of anguish rests upon her brow :
Pain hath been there, but all is peaceful now.
And those wan lips, so cold and still the while,
Wear, 'neath thy touch, a calm and tranquil smile.
As if, with hushed and tranced sense, she caught
Some sound with more than earthly music fraught,
Some rare seraphic strain by harps angelic wrought.

SONNET.

TRUTH.

Creeds have no power upon a spirit strong
And resolute, which, fed by secret fire,
Flings forth its scorn of those who teach for hire,
And mask with words of guile each ghastly wrong.

Let God be true though every man a liar!
What He hath said shall evermore remain.
And though, to bind this Sampson with a chain,
The proud Philistian lords should all conspire,
Let but the slumbering champion once awake,
Their stoutest cords are weak as any thread,
Which lightly as an infant's touch he'll break.

And even when bound, and blind, and captive led,
He makes the pillars of their temple shake,
And piles the gilded structure on their head.

SONNET.

LIGHT.

Thou, Mighty Soul! whose uncreated flame
Hath lit those beaming orbs that nightly roll
Their tireless march beneath thy strong control—
Who mark'st their paths and call'st them each by name,
Whose glory fills the universal frame—
Where'er amid the trackless voids of night,
A lonely outcast from the fields of light,
The exiled comet's fiery heart doth burn—
Across the lightning's most untrodden path,
Or nursling thunder's unawakened wrath,
Thy voice can bid the wanderer return,
Unscathed, unblighted from the shades of death.
So I, long banished from the realms of day,
Shall hear at length thy voice, and joyfully obey.

TEMPEST.

The wild wind howls o'er the wintry plain,
And the sleet comes down and the driving rain.

The giant oaks on the mountain stand,
Writhed and bent by the tempest's hand.

The wild beast lurks in his secret lair ;
The storm he knows cannot enter there.

Ah ! well for man if the tempest of sin
To his heart and his home could not enter in !

A traveller rode across the plain,
Breasting the wind and the blinding rain.

Little he heeded the driving storm :
Cold was its breath, but his heart was warm.

Long had he toiled in a distant land,
Gripping its gold with an iron hand.

Oft in the battle's flaming flood,
Facing the savage foe had stood.

And now he comes with his well earned spoil,
On his wife's fond bosom to rest from toil.

He sees a light on the plain afar,
Which beckons and glows like a guiding star.

Spurring his steed with hope elate,
Soon he alights at the wicket gate.

He peers through the window with anxious gaze—
Ha ! what a sight he there surveys !

A trusted friend—his arm was wound
The yielding form of his wife around.

Her lips meet his, he hears their kiss,
It smote his ear like a serpent's hiss !

Fiercely he grasps his trusted brand,
Bursts the door with a savage hand.

Not on his wife, as he strode past,
Word or look or sign he cast.

Sternly he spoke with vengeful eye :
'Thou, false friend ! prepare to die.'

Nought he heeded the coward's prayer ;
Smote he the shrinking traitor there.

The gory corse with his foot he spurned ;
Then to his guilty wife he turned.

'Thou, for whom on a burning plain,
Long I toiled this wealth to gain ;

Not for myself, but thee I wrought ;
Take the wages thy shame hath wrought !'

Down at her feet he flung the gold ;
Over the corse it danced and rolled.

Swooned his wife at the ghastly sight ;
Forth he strode to the stormy night.

Whither now shall his footsteps stray ?
What love-lamp shall guide his way ?

Fierce was the storm, but fiercer the dart
Of icy despair that pierced his heart.

In the morning a riderless steed they found,
And a prostrate form on the frozen ground.

Tempest without—despair within—
What had smote him ? The blast of sin !

LINES.

There is a sadness in thine eye,
And in thy smile, so faintly stealing,
A cherished sorrow seems to lie,
A woe, beyond thy lip's revealing.

And in thy wan lip's trembling play
A thrill of deep and bitter sorrow ;
As love, that brightly blooms a day,
Had died and left a hopeless morrow.

And in thy pale cheeks mournful bloom
 A trace of dark and bitter weeping.
 As if thy soul at memory's tomb,
 Her lone and silent watch were keeping.
 Would I might hope thy breast to soothe,
 And bid its sense of sadness perish ;
 But no—thy soul, so born for truth,
 Its own wild dream must darkly cherish.

LINES.

A little linnet sang the sweetest song
 Which mortal ears were ever blest in hearing :
 She sang her lay, nor thought the summer long,
 Though winter's storms and frosts were quickly
 nearing.
 Its chilling winds at length around her play ;
 She sings her last sad, tender note of warning :
 In other climes she now attunes her lay,
 In sweeter strains, to hail a brighter morning.
 So 'tis with her whose voice, so sweetly dear,
 No more shall cheer our wintry hours of sorrow :
 In other climes her voice we yet shall hear,
 And list her strains beneath a gladder morrow.

TO —

See, love, yon crescent's shining arms
The old moon's shadowed form enfold.
Transforming, by her heavenly charms,
His darkened heart, so worn and cold.

How heavenly bright her splendors beam!
How glows his breast with answering light!
Sweet love! an emblem this would seem
Of that which fills my heart to-night.

TO —

Could I dream that in bosom so faultless as thine,
Dwelt a germ whose young life would respond to
my care,
I would bow like a saint at the mystical shrine,
And invoke its sweet growth by love's passionate
prayer.

I would watch as it tenderly budded and grew,
While the sunshine of joy bade its petals uncloze,
Till the warm blush of passion ensanguined its hue,
And it blossomed at length to love's bountiful rose.

Then how sweet, in a moment of exquisite bliss,
When the bright glow of rapture illumined its dyes,
To inhale all its wealth in one passionate kiss,
And transfuse its sweet life in tumultuous sighs !

“WHO CARES?”

A REPLY.

I care, though not as one might well suppose
From your reply. To measure womankind,
I claim a standard somewhat more refined
Than that you name. I am not one of those
Domestic lords who weigh you in the scale
Of servile worth, and if, perchance, you fail
In wealth of muscle, count all else but loss.

Such men I count unworthy of the name,
Though there are many—please excuse the pun—
By such acquirements only to be won.

Though sweet is slumber to the weary frame,
Stretched on the couch which faithful hands have
Yet sweeter far the raptures he can claim [pressed,
Who makes his pillow on a loving breast,

TO —

Ere yet my love hath grown to such degree
That to depart would prove too deep a pain,
I bid farewell, nor linger here to be
Once more enthralled in Love's deceitful chain.
A wise resolve, and yet, perchance, how vain !
For when could wisdom Love's sweet thoughts efface ?
While Memory still thy image will retain,
And oft in fond and tender mood retrace
Thy beauty's matchless charms, thy mind's accom-
plished grace.

Yet must I say farewell ; to linger here,
Were madness now, since Hope her aid denies.
For custom makes a loved one still more dear,
And habit winds the links which love supplies,
Till closely bound the fettered captive lies.
I will be free ! Young Love, who lurks unseen,
Shall find one heart his cunning snares defies ;
And time and change at length my heart shall wean
From dreams of present joy or that which might have
been.

TO CORA.

O, sweet are the moments my spirit hath numbered
Since the light of your smile hath illumined its way.
Bright blossoms of hope, which through long years
had slumbered

In darkness and coldness, awoke 'neath its ray.

The dark clouds of gloom that encompassed my life
Grew golden with light from that sunnier gleam.
While, forgetting its seasons of madness and strife,
I basked in the glow of its life-giving beam.

Now, doomed from the heaven of thy presence to sever,
Too soon shall Love's star from my pathway be
gone.

Yet, enshrined in the vista of memory, forever'
Shall its beauty survive, and its glory beam on.

LOVE AND SORROW.

Alas, that love should end in sorrow !

Thus a hapless maiden sung.

Bright to-day is dark to-morrow !

Thus her plaintive chorus rung.

Soul so trustful in believing

What was but the tempter's art !

Lips so cruelly deceiving,

How I curse you in my heart !

Eyes that seemed so formed for gladness,

Smile a seraph's self might wear,

Ah, it adds a pang to madness,

But to think how false ye were !

Alas ! that love should end in sorrow !

Thus the hapless maiden sung.

Bright to-day is dark to-morrow !

So her plaintive chorus rung.

TO —.

You say, in future years my name
Perchance may wear the meed of fame.
O, fatal boon! The flaming stroke
Which smites the proudly branching oak,
Through stem and root its path will find,
And leave a withered trunk behind.
No more its branches shall put forth
Green leaf or germ of living worth.
Its pride, its hope, its life are o'er;
It blooms not as it bloomed before.
Beneath the cold, unpitying sky,
It flings its wasted arms on high,
And shows to every passer-by
Where sped the seething bolt of wrath,
Which left but ruin in its path.
So should the fame which comes to me
But show the thunder-blasted tree;
A shattered monument of woe,
And thine the hand that struck the blow.

TO —.

Dost remember that bright even,
When in company we stood
'Neath the glorious summer heaven,
While the moonbeams' silvery flood,

Over hill and valley streaming,
Bathed the scene in shadowy glow,
And, from thousand wavelets gleaming,
Lit the Allegheny's flow?

Was it joy that made me quiver
With a wild tumultuous thrill,
Like a reed beside the river,
Shaken at the current's will?

Vainly love for love had striven;
Passion's plea was poured in vain;
Hope, from out that shining heaven,
Vanished, ne'er to smile again.

Vanished all the glow and gladness;
Clouds obscured the peaceful moon.
Answering to my bosom's sadness,
Sunk the waves in sorrow's swoon.

Darkly speeds the silent river;
Dark since then my life hath been;
While in memory's sky forever
Reigns the sadness of that scene.

SONNET.

Mary, had you been Scotland's queen that night,
When I, like Castelar, approached to gaze
Upon your beauty's full unclouded blaze,
Unrobed, untrammelled, I like him had borne
Your royal anger; and, at morning light,
Perchance had graced the fatal scaffold's height,
A lifeless trophy of your woman's scorn,
For foes to mock and rivals to deride.
Yet deem not that I count his sentence hard.
A welcome boon the fatal axe supplied—
Fit ending for a love so evil starred.
His grief was ended by his parting breath;
While I must bear through life a living death,
Your love, your smile, your presence still debarred.

SONNET

To ——.

Seek not to win me from my chosen theme,
Or move my spirit to ignoble lays,
By any lure which syren Art displays.
I will not meditate or speak or dream
In any strain which soundeth not thy praise,
In whose regard all choicest terms are weak.
Be this henceforth my theme, though I must seek
Earth's language through, to find some fitting word,
Some sovereign spell of unrecorded worth,
By seraphs uttered at thy beauty's birth,
And since that hour by mortal ears unheard—
A strain, though blended with the sounds of earth,
Yet filled with notes celestial, to rehearse
The heavenly charms which claim my mortal verse.

SONNET

To JULIA.

The greatest horror of a poet's lot,
Whose ready pen some random theme portrays,
Is this, to find his crude imperfect thought,
With neither art nor skill nor method wrought,
Dragged rudely forth for public blame or praise.
Yet now, I own, the pleasure far outweighs
Each harsher feeling, as, with blest surprise,
I view the proof that one whose peerless eyes
Might well accord a more than poet's fame,
In glancing o'er my unpretending line,
Could quite ignore the wrathful critic's blame,
And trace it, linked with gentler words of thine,
And doubly armored from the fear of shame—
Ah! happy verse! from thee such kind regard to
claim.

THE FIEND.

A fiend doth make, asleep or awake,
Its home in my silent heart.
From my earliest years, in darkness and tears,
I have borne its anguished smart;
And full well I know that its torturing throe
Shall never more depart.

Though awhile it may seem to forget or dream,
Yet I know that the worst will come,
When it revels again in my heart and brain,
Till my senses are strained and numb,
And heaps the coals on my burning heart,
Till its quivering fibres shudder and smart,
And my lips are with anguish dumb!

There once was a form which had power to charm
My soul from its secret pain.
But at length forbidden on earth to dwell,
She kissed my brow, and bade farewell,
And I longed for her presence in vain.
My fiend rejoiced at the parting knell,
And since that hour, like a serpent of hell,
It hath tortured my soul again.

I may not utter its fiendish name,
For 'tis charmed with a demon spell;
And oft do I shudder and start with fear,
Lest the terrible sound I chance to hear,
For I know its work too well.
For if mortal lips the sound proclaim,
Or presume its fame to tell,
Another, in features and form the same,
Starts up in my soul like a torturing flame
Upborne from the mouth of hell !

O, many a tale could the past unvail
Of the battles my soul hath won.
For still, as the ghastly shapes uprose,
I throttled them one by one.
But vain is the power of a conquering will
That fierce unslumbering fiend to kill,
For it yields its life to none.
Alone I may bear with its torturing throes,
But how could I cope with a thousand foes ?
If their ghastly legions around me close
My soul should be undone.

Then deep in my breast shall the secret rest,
Till the life from my heart dissever ;
When in darkness and silence my vigil I keep,
Nor start from my slumber to shudder and weep,
I will bury it there forever.
There a terrorless silence about me shall close,
And the mantle of darkness shall cover my woes,

And Oblivion's pinion shall hover.
And accurs'd be the hand that shall dare to reap
From my furrowed soul what is plowed so deep,
Or the name of that fiend discover.

SONNET

TO EDNA.

Frail creature ! fluttering 'neath the noonday blaze—
Not blind, but dazzled by unwonted light, [night,
Whose large deep eyes were made for love's sweet
And the soft radiance of her starry rays—
Think not, fond dreamer, to escape the hour ;
Thy noontide splendor is already past ;
The shade, slow moving, surely comes at last,
And thou at length must own Love's mystic power.
Even now, while yet thy swift and willing feet [maze,
Trace with light footsteps pleasure's thoughtless
Do I behold at times thy wistful gaze
Turn with wild longing to that blest retreat,
Amid whose shades, with hope and love elate,
I sit with folded hands and calmly wait.

SONNET

To ——.

Thou hast been true to that which nature willed
Thy life to be—a twining, creeping thing,
In every art of sweet seduction skilled ;
Which coiled and glittered, yet could turn and sting
The trusting breast thy loveliness had charmed.
In vain thy wound ! My life rejects, unharmed,
The serpent poison from thy lips distilled.
The tender love, which late my bosom filled,
Now turned to hate, thy vile remembrance spurns.
I loathe thy image in my vacant heart,
And from its shrine, where faith no longer burns,
I bid its foul accursed shape depart.
Thus do I tread false hopes and beauteous lies ;
What once I worshipped, now I must despise.

THE TOKEN.

By the lone Allegheny, when day was declining,
With my beauteous Belinda I pensively strayed.
At length, in the shade of a rose tree reclining,
We inhaled the sweet perfume its fragrance conveyed.

I plucked a sweet bud, which I playfully offered;
She received the fond token, then blushing said,
“Though I cannot refuse what’s so temptingly
proffered,
Yet I sigh for the wreck you have wantonly made.”

“Nay, nay,” I replied, “for, though culled ere its
splendor,
Our affection’s sweet promise it well may portray.”
“Yet I wish,” with an accent bewitchingly tender,
She murmured, “your hand had not plucked it to-day.

Had you left it to bloom, though it were but to-morrow,
As again in the twilight together we rove,
’Twould have needed from Fancy no tribute to borrow,
Since what now is but Friendship had ripened to
Love.”

A VALENTINE.

The melting languor of your eye
So blends with love's celestial fire,
I tremble lest its lightnings fly
To pierce my heart with vain desire.

The honied fragrance of your lips
I long to taste, but—cold behest !
He who the ambrosial nectar sips
May never know a mortal's rest.

The curling dimple in your cheek
Fain would I kiss, but must not dare ;
I fear the vengeance Love would wreak,
Who, armed and watchful, nestles there.

Ah ! yield me on your panting breast
One raptured moment's sweet release !
If Love should there disturb my rest,
Your lips shall bid my anguish cease.

ENIGMA.

THE CHAIR.

I am hard, I am soft—I am large, I am small—
I am full, plump and round—I am stately and tall.
I am lean, long and lank, all my ribs you may trace—
I am formed like a sylph or a seraph in grace.
I've four legs, but no body ; two arms, but no hand ;
I am most at my ease when upright I stand.
I'm familiar alike with the statesman and swain ;
Though I sometimes bear double, I never complain.
Though oft I move swiftly, I ne'er won a race ;
Since, unless I am carried, I seldom change place.
I'm the pride of the host and the slave of his guest ;
Often honored the most when most deeply oppressed.
I'm the first at the feast and the last to depart,
Yet I oft bear a hungry and comfortless heart.
In the chamber of death, where my form oft appears
O'er burdened by sorrow, I never shed tears.
I'm the invalid's solace—the shrine of debate—
The hermit's sole friend—and the symbol of state.
The support of the helpless ; the comfort of age ;
And the instrument, too, of the drunkard's wild rage.
To my careless embraces the maiden, so coy,
Yields, unasked, what her lover would gladly enjoy.
In the palace of art and the hovel of shame,
Though varied in form, I am one and the same.

THE AILING POTTER.

There lived an honest potter once,
Who looked both stout and hale,
Yet, spite of seeming health, he had
His customary ale.

A plain, hard working man he was,
Yet oft, from day to day,
He'd leave his jigger at the shop,
For one across the way.

By slow degrees his habit grew ;
The danger none could tell ;
Till, though a very modest man,
It made him quite a swell.

His bulk grew larger day by day,
Which caused his friends to ask,
How long, at such a staving way,
Ere he'd become a cask.

The man at length grew very ill,
And all his neighbors thought
That if he didn't cease to swill,
He soon must go to pot.

And so they called the doctor in,
To find the trouble out ;
Although the dryest man in town,
He soon began to spout.

Said he, " My friend, your case to me
Is neither strange nor new ;
And if you do not stop your beer
Your bier will stop for you.

And now, to plant my argument
On philosophic grounds,
Reduce the number of your drams,
And you'll decrease your pounds.

Yet, deem me not of making light
Of such a painful theme
Another glass inside of you
May make you kick the beam."

" Sir," said the man, " your words have put
My fate beyond a doubt ;
Since life's at logger-heads with beer,
Why, let them fight it out.

And when I reach the other sphere,
By genial spirits borne,
Let Gabriel count my carcass dear,
For still I'll have my horn.

And lest, on prohibition grounds,
The saints and I might quarrel,
I'll stock myself with liquor here,
And treat them to a barrel."

POTTER'S EPITAPH.

Here lies a man whose score of mugs,
Ere half his day was done,
Grew more than he could carry off;
So now he's carrion.

He left his task and went his way,
As all good potters must;
And though on earth he molded clay,
His body now is dust.

To trust him at the heavenly bar
His friends may safely dare;
He never sponged a single glass,
Though oft he sponged his ware.

BUTTERMILK.

A PARODY.

The evening shades were falling fast,
The supper hour was somewhat past,
When through the house a sound there came
Might put a dinner gong to shame—
Buttermilk!

The ladies all had drank their fill,
And buttermilk was plenty still;
When through the hall there passed a man
Who swore he'd drink a two-quart can—
Buttermilk!

A maiden filled the measure up;
He seized and quaffed the brimming cup;
Then placed his hand his coat behind,
His pocket handkerchief to find.
Buttermilk!

His groping hand essayed in vain
His pocket handkerchief to gain;
For, while he took his late repast,
His pocket had been sewed up fast.
Buttermilk!

Now sudden fury fired his cheek ;
He swore through all the house he'd seek,
And if the culprits could be found,
In buttermilk they should be drowned.

Buttermilk !

He hung his coat upon a nail,
Then seized the well-filled wooden pail ;
The pail he balanced on his head,
Then upward moved with measured tread,
Buttermilk !

" Pray have a care," the landlord said,
" Be sure you're right, then go ahead ;
Lest, ere you reach the topmost stair,
The buttermilk gets in your hair."
Buttermilk !

" O, stay !" the ladies cried, " and treat !
We long some good ice cream to eat."
" I never knew," he faintly said,
" Ice cream from buttermilk was made."
Buttermilk !

Then on he moved with measured tread,
The pail still balanced on his head ;
Till, mounting still from flight to flight,
At length he vanished from their sight.
Buttermilk !

They found him at the break of day;
Prone on his downy couch he lay;
While from his nose a sound there came,
Might put a dinner gong to shame—
Buttermilk!

TO —.

WITH A ROSE.

Let her whose hand shall lift this Rose
And place it on her budding breast,
Be sure that where its fragrance blows,
My lips some future hour shall rest.
For I have charmed it with a spell,
Which mocks each shield her breast may wear.
Then let her guard her treasure well,
Till I shall taste its sweetness there!

TO —.

ON PHOTOGRAPHING FOR HER AN AUTOGRAPH IN PENCIL OF GEO.
D. PRENTICE.

What though the tracery of that hand may fade,
Whose living touch such magic could impart?
By Light itself the line shall be portrayed,
And live immortal through the Sunbeam's art.

TO A MALE CHAMBERMAID.

If you would prove your title to the claim
Of chambermaid, beyond some chance mistake,
Pray give attention, while I try to name
A few slight changes you had better make.

First, frizz your hair with all becoming art,
Till round your head its glossy ringlets twine.
Next, shave that fierce moustache, which seems to start
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.

Next thing—for chambermaids sometimes must pad—
When neatly done, it often looks quite well—
Please call next door, and purchase, ready made,
The graceful bend and the voluptuous swell.

As for the rest—but hold! I will not dare—
Such mysteries best are ventured by degrees on.
Now don a gown, and any man will swear,
If not a maid, by George! there's some good reason.

MOONSHINE.

How strange that people differ so,
Where none can claim the truth to show,
And end the vague dissensions ;
If you would like the proof to try,
Ask several persons who are by
To name the moon's dimensions.

The man whose unpoetic eyes
Are graded to his cart-wheel's size,
Will claim, from pure conviction,
To regulate it to a hair,—
The wheel's the size, he'll roundly swear,
And challenge contradiction.

The doctor, who can boast of skill
To cure his patients every ill,
By potion, plaster, tartar,
Will claim, with accent gravely wise,
The moon appears to him in size
Precisely like his mortar.

A man whose appetite is great
Will match it with his dinner plate,
And say 't would hardly fill it.
While, sitting by, some other one,
Whose taste for batter cakes may run,
Will claim 'tis like a skillet.

The maid, whose hope of all delight
Unkindly fate has chanced to blight,
If you should rashly cross her
About the time she takes her tea,
Will tartly say, "She ne'er could see
'T was larger than her saucer."

To you and I, the truly wise,
Who view it with poetic eyes,
It wears a different seeming;
The likeness of a heavenly face,
Endowed with sweet angelic grace,
With love and splendor beaming.

SWINBURNE.

AN IMITATION.

He is mad, and his song is the mingling
Of visions discordant and vain;
The effects of the fire that is tingling
In the wreck of a lunatic's brain.
Will his cries never cease? will he bore us
With a savage and infinite strain
Of appeal to his mother Dolores,
His Lady of Pain?

He rejoices in delicate features;
Bloody lips are the theme of his strain;
And his women, his idols, his creatures,
Have hair like a buffalo's mane.
He is borne by the gale of their sighing;
He is drenched by the brine of their tears;
And their lithe, serpent forms are still trying
To wind round his ears.

He has gods without name, without number;
A monstrous and manifold throng;
And their old mythological lumber
Is the fuel and fire of his song.

They bind us with chains and they free us,
They make and unmake us again,
And they laugh and grow merry to see us
Wax pallid with pain.

BYRON.

Hail, master genius of the human kind!

Creative spirit! to whose soaring strain

All lesser songs are plumeless, or in vain

Essay the heights which thou alone couldst find!

What clouds and lightning formed thy being's dower!

Through what fierce warfare of contending thought,

With eagle pinion thy young spirit sought

The swift unfolding of that matchless power

To which even foes in humblest guise have bent,

Or swelled the plaudits of thy triumph's hour!

What godlike strength with human weakness blent,

What bitter memories, and what hate of wrong,

Woke in thy soul such wondrous power of song,

Which to thy land's proud lyre its proudest strains
hath lent.

O, BOBBIE BURNS.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF OF A COPY OF BURNS' POEMS.

O, Bobbie Burns! O, Bobbie Burns!

Though some may think ye daf',
Ye ha'e sae mony wittie turns,
We can na' choose but laugh.

O, Bobbie Burns! O, Bobbie Burns!

How can ye talk so queer?
What, wi'e your quibbles, quirks and puns,
Ye'll be our death, I fear.

O, Bobbie Burns! O, Bobbie Burns!

True, mony a fault is thine,
But who the unpolished diamond spurns,
Tho' earth may dim its shine?

O, Bobbie Burns! O, Bobbie Burns!

Weel fitting 'tis that thou
Should wear the wreath that genius earns
Upon thy manly brow.

WE MET.

We met when the morning of youth and of joy
Had just gladdened our lives with its gleaming ;
And the love which then sprang in the heart of the boy
In its freshness and power still is beaming.

We parted ; my heart in its dream slumbered on,
Forgetful of years or of changing ;
While thine, ere its first thrill of parting had flown,
Through the world's giddy pleasures was ranging.

We meet ; but alas, from that eye, once so true,
Shines no light, love's sweet presence revealing ;
But there mingles a shade with its once sunny hue,
Depths of coldness and falsehood concealing.

Would I never had met thee in years that are gone,
Or but known thee when youth's flowers were
twining.

For what power can give back the bright dream that
hath flown,
Or thy heart's truth, so pure and so shining.

SONNET.

'Tis not an evil license that I claim.

Not the fulfillment of desires unblest ;
But 'tis the quenching of that guilty flame,
That fire which robs the heart within of rest.

It is the crowning of true manhood's breast
With faith and honor, where, devoid of shame,
Secure in conscious power to bless and charm,

The unclothed virgin might lie down and rest,
And he have neither wish nor power to harm,
For gazing on her loveliness of form.

Away with all this cold and selfish cant !
Let woman feel the truth so oft confessed—
She hath no boon which man may not request,
And man no wish which woman may not grant.

SONNET.

DEATH.

I stood in sadness, and with drooping head,
Amid unnumbered graves which lay around
Like scattered seeds upon the furrowed ground,
Where one beloved and lost was newly laid
To deep and dreamless slumber; and I said,
Alas! that man should die and be forgot!
His transient life is as a fading flower,
Whose fleeting beauty blooms but for an hour;
The passing wind sweeps o'er, and he is not.
In vain at hearth and board his form is sought;
His place is vacant, and his voice no more
Shall gladly greet us at the opening door;
The seed may live and flourish, but in vain,
Would we his life restore—it bloometh not again.

SONNET.

LIFE.

I stood amid the ripened fields of corn,
Which covered all the bright and smiling land,
And saw the reapers come, a happy band,
With merry songs upon the breezes borne,
And glad and joyous shoutings, 'mid the bright
And balmy air, which seemed to bear no blight.
I said, All nature lives, shall man despair?
Shall fruitful seeds, which long had darkly lain
Beneath the sod, revive and bloom again,
And man be left to sleep forever there?
Beneath the sunshine of a future age,—
Who knows? perchance a brighter hour may come,
When storm shall pass, and tempest cease to rage,
And man arise to shout the world's great Harvest
Home.

SONNET.

To MARY.

I sit alone, and from the o'erlooking height
Of this my chamber window, watch, below,
The crystal Allegheny's silent flow,—
A silvery sheen; o'erhead the queen of night,
Arrayed in robes of splendor, heavenly wrought,
Walks forth in beauty; o'er yon hills afar
Beams into sight a solitary star,—
Well known to thee, my love; for have we not
Oft times at eve strayed forth to see it rise,
And read our history in its mingling rays?
Would thou wert here to-night; then might I gaze
Into the glorious heaven of thine eyes,
And own their splendor more divinely bright
Than ray of evening star or moonbeam's silvery light.

TO —.

The fullness of that power is thine,
Which, blessing all who feel,
Bids manhood bow at woman's shrine,
And worship as they kneel.

Thou art a star above the storm,
Sweet rays of love revealing ;
And by the splendor of thy form,
Life's doubt and woe concealing.

And in the brightness of thy smile
Such hope and joy are given,
I sleep to dream of bliss the while,
And wake to find it heaven.

SEPARATION.

Now we indeed must part ; yet, ere time's flight
Crown with red day this swift and waning night,
As love crowns thee—more beautiful and tender
Than all night's stars, with mystic light and splendor,
Ere yet each sweet and loving tie be broken,
O let thy lips breathe forth one trembling token.
Or, if it please thee, let no whispered word
No murmured tone of sweet consent be heard.
Let me but read love's meaning in thine eyes,
Breathe thy glad breath, drink thy tumultuous sighs,
And feel the passionate heaving of thy breast
As heart to heart and lip to lip are press'd.
Unseal the mystery of thy glad young life.
Set thy sweet soul to mine in mimic strife
For pleasure's ruddy championship, and prove
In love's sweet lists thy mightier powers of love.
Till the deep passion tide no longer flows ;
Till soul and sense are lulled in sweet repose,
And joy's swift pulse subside or cease to swell ;
Till love hath nought to hear nor bliss to tell ;
Then, and then only, can I bid farewell.

RENUNCIATION.

Nay, tempt me not ; I cannot love thee now
Bend not upon me that most regal brow,
With its bright crown of dark and waving hair,
Breathing a subtle perfume rich and rare.
O, turn away thy deep and soul-lit eyes,
Dark slumbrous orbs whence star-like beams arise ;
Hide their full glance, so passionate yet soft ;
Lure me no further ; I have borne too oft
The galling fetters of love's broken chain,
To lightly bind me with its links again.
What though I drink thy full, deep, fervent kiss,
Till my soul, filled and drunken with its bliss,
Grow faint and swoon, and for a time forget
All sweet, sad memories, every vain regret,
All love's lost feverish days and fiery nights,
And langorous dreams, and strong and fierce delights—
Why should I love thee ? Canst thou give me all—
Ay, more than all these things—canst thou enthrall
And satiate my strong soul with deeper joy,
All life, all thought, and every sense employ,
With sweets which cannot tire, and bliss which will
not cloy ?

REVOCATION.

Long had I wandered in a world of strife,
And learned to loathe this weary goaded life,
With all its heartless scenes and deeds of ill.
Thou camest, and thy presence seemed to fill
Day with a golden splendor—evermore
Hope's blissful radiance from thy form did pour
Upon my waking vision, and the night
Seemed soothed and softened by a heavenly light,
And a divine enchantment—ah, sweet ray,
How purely shone upon my troubled way
Thy glance of love and beauty; beaming high [nigh.
O'er life's dark scenes, though storm and death were
Sweet star of morn! had thou but lingered here,
Life were not lone, nor earth too darkly drear.
I joy thee in thy freedom, yet I fain
Would have thy spirit linked and bound again.
Why should I linger in this darkened world,
While thy pure soul, with joyous wings unfurl'd,
Mounts to those regions where all night is day,
And day grows bright beneath the Godhead's ray,
And life is joy, and love and bliss pass not away.

MALEDICTION.

Still dost thou live? Thou, born to strut and swell,
And mock and mar what else had speeded well.
Thou hated reptile! made to hiss and sting,
And o'er all life thy loathed venom fling.
I will not speak thy most detested name,
Lest it should blight and shrivel as a flame;
It is enough to know that still thou art—
Thou crawling creature with a serpent's heart!
Thou child of shame—thou whelp of hell—thou worse
Than spotted toad—thou offspring of a curse.
Thou felon shape—thou thing most vile and base—
Thou bloated monster, on whose hideous face
Thy crimes are writ, lest any one should take
Thy form for human—thou most venom'd snake!
I have no words to utter all my hate,
No fitting terms to liken to thy fate;
Out from my path! lest my resentful arm,
With fateful stroke, upon thy shrinking form,
Too swift for fear to mark, or word to tell,
Shall wreak the vengeance thou hast earned too well,
And send thee howling to thy home in hell.

TO —.

Your presence destroys the illusion ;
 But absence restores it again.
There is freedom in constant intrusion,
 There is bondage in bursting the chain.

Though I know that the vision is vain,
 It hath charms that I may not destroy.
And the bliss that I long to attain
 I am sure that possession would cloy.

Then, while still there is hope of redeeming,
 I will fly from the light of that smile,
Which, when distant, so brightly is beaming,
 But near, hath no power to beguile.

I will worship the vision afar
 Which is crowned with such magical seeming ;
Nor approach, lest its nearness should mar
 The repose of such exquisite dreaming.

O, WHO WOULD NOT LOVE?

O, who would not love, since to love has been given
To bestow on us mortals such glimpses of heaven?
What a sombre old planet this dull earth would prove
If the moon never smiled in her radiance of love.

Let cold science explain the attraction which draws
That bright rolling orb with unvarying laws.
But what terms can express the allurements which lies
In the luminous glance of two soul-beaming eyes?

Who shall say that those orbs, so bewitchingly bright,
Were not made for reflecting love's magical light?
And those forms, so inviting our softest caress,
Were they given to gaze on, or given to bless?

Then, who would not love, since to love has been given,
To enliven dull earth with such glimpses of heaven?
Let the priest and the pedagogue prose as they will,
While such treasures are ours, we will cherish them still.

TO ——.

From the light of your smile I am banished ;
I gaze, but I may not intrude ;
I may dream of the joy that hath vanished,
But the dream is with anguish imbued.

In vain to forget I have striven ;
In vain from your presence I flee.
The spell which I thought I had riven
Still binds my remembrance to thee.

And but this had been wanting to render
My thralldom more galling, to see
The star of my soul in its splendor
Shining on, but no longer for me.

Accurs'd be the power which hath bound me !
Accurs'd be the hour that I drew
In my madness those fetters around me,
Which sever my being from you.

Still, still, with that fire I am burning.
Tho' fettered, I pant to be free :
And my soul, with a passionate yearning,
Still turns in its fondness to thee.

Could I break from the chain that enthralls me,
 Could my soul but her freedom renew,
And obey the deep impulse which calls me
 To bow where my homage is due,
Once more to your presence I'd turn me,
 And hear but this vow I repeat—
If still from that heaven you'd spurn me,
 I would pour out my soul at your feet.

TO —.

Yes, let thy lips refuse to touch
 And soothe this wildly throbbing brow.
I had not deemed the boon too much—
 I sought, but I am answered now.
'Tis well ; I may not hope to win
 The trust of that pure soul of thine ;
Lest mine, too darkly stained with sin,
 Should shrink beneath its touch divine.

STANZAS.

Yes, I had crowned thee with a deeper love
Than man should e'er bestow on such as thou,
And risked my all of earth, my all above,
To win one smile of thy beguiling brow.
How could I deem that aught so fair would prove
A blinding lure, to lead my soul, as now,
Upon the barren rocks of wild despair,
To waste its years in hopeless anguish there?

'Tis true, 'twas but a thoughtless freak at first,
A boyish flame, till, by thy woman's wile
And serpent art to deeper madness nursed,
Forgetting all save passion's dream the while,
I sought to quench my spirit's burning thirst
At love's own fount—with cold disdainful smile,
You bade me go, nor deem that such as I,
A nameless youth—might dream of aught so high.

'Twas years ago, but years are swift in flight;
And scorn hath wounds whose memory will not
die.

Boy though I was, with more than boyhood's might,
I stemmed the current of mine agony,

And, whelmed beneath the black and blinding night,
Which o'er me spread its starless canopy,
Sware, in the rushing madness of that hour,
That thou even yet should'st feel and own my power.

And thou hast owned it; I have seen thee melt,
And thrill and tremble in my clasping arms,
Till, mad with all which once my spirit felt,
Your bosom heaved and swayed to passion's storms;
Once at your feet in hopeless suit I knelt;
But now I reveled mid those peerless charms,
Which then I sought, but vainly sought, to gain,
Yet felt no joy, but only deeper pain.

Nor deemed it aught, while yet remained a trace
Of that deep pride which once thy bosom fired.
It faded, hour by hour, and in its place
There grew a softer feeling, which inspired
A gentle shadow o'er your speaking face—
A tender sadness, weak and undesired.
Once I had dreamed that heaven alone could be
Wrapt in those arms, but this—'twas hell to me.

But that is passed; the end of years is wrought;
And you and I must part; 'tis better so!
True, 'tis a bitter draught, and if a thought
Have power to mingle sweetness with its woe,
'T will be that from your lips the fire was caught,
Which, fanned and kindled to a fiercer glow,
Became in me a wild, absorbing flame,
Which even your love no more hath power to tame.

Yet, though no hope the present hour endears,
The memory of past joys will still remain.
Forget not him, who, in those earlier years,
Had you but deigned to smile upon him then,
Had grown your humblest slave. What bitter tears
Flow o'er crushed hopes which will not bloom again!
The tide flows onward—whither, who may tell?
And bears me with it—we must part, farewell.

TO —.

You ask me if I e'er have loved ;
I will not falsely answer nay .
Few are the hearts which have not proved
That fond deceit, in life's young day.

And mine, though cold and dark it seem,
Once throbbed with love's impassioned thrill ;
Till from that brief delusive dream
I woke, with sense of deepest ill.

I loved ! ah, who could coldly gaze
Upon her sweet and heavenly brow ;
Nor feel, though dazzled by its rays,
Each sense in wildest worship bow.

And oft, since then, when to my view
Some form is given resembling hers,
A feeling, such as then I knew,
Within my lonely bosom stirs.

A passing gleam ! too soon returns
The memory of that olden pain ;
The transient fire a moment burns,
Then sinks, and all is dark again.

Yet, could I feel the tender flame,
Or bow where sweetest charms combine,
Thine would a deeper homage claim
Than e'er hath stirred this heart of mine.

That form, that lip, that breast of thine,
Thy spirit so divinely fair—
O, that my heart at such a shrine
Might kneel and blindly worship there.

It may not be ; too deep the wound,
Which galls my heart with ceaseless pain.
Even in thy smile no charm is found
To stir its pulse to life again.

STANZAS.

I would give for one moment of bliss in those arms,
Enjoying the wealth of that bosom's soft charms,
All of good that my soul, in her loftiest strain,
Hath ever aspired to enjoy or attain.

Could my heart but a moment beat close to that breast,
And reveal all the love it so long hath repress'd,
How my desolate soul would exultingly bound,
And forget all its woe in the joy it had found.

Let me drink of that fount, though the draught be
my last!

And swift be my doom when its gladness hath past.
Though the wave of despair should sweep over my
soul,

I would laugh at its blackness, and mock its control.

TO —.

O, there is luxury in scorn,
The curling lip, the flashing eye,
The deep, o'ermastering utterance, born
Of hate which brooketh not reply.

And such is thine, since thou did'st prove
The depth of woman's treachery;
And while thy lips professed to love,
Thy hireling charms proclaimed the lie.

Thou fiend! that thus could lure my soul,
With passion's art and woman's wile,
Till, spurning reason's faint control,
I lived but only in thy smile.

And even when passion ceased to burn,
And all was won which man may woo,
Still, still my heart could fondly turn
And dream of life and love with you.

The smiles, the tears, which once were mine,
The charms I panted to enfold,
Now—basely prostituted shrine—
Are bartered for another's gold.

O, may he live to know how worse
Than false that heart I now resign ;
And curse, with dark and bitter curse,
The hour which linked his fate with thine.

ENIGMA.

As, in some garden's most uncultured maze,
A lovely rose, with virgin sweets arrayed,
Which breathes a soft and tender perfume round,
Concealed the while from thy most prying gaze,
With eager quest when you at length have found,
You gladly pluck, nor leave it there to fade ;
So I—too happy task—have here entwined
A sweet rare blossom—a most blooming treasure—
A flow'ret, radiant with all light and pleasure,
And tend'rex beauty, though I fear 't will find
No recognition, since it lies enshrined
In my rude verse—a most entangling measure.
Then closely con it till the spell is known,
So deeply hidden, yet most clearly shown.

[To find the answer, take the letter of each line corresponding in number to the number of the line—thus: the first letter of the first line, the second of the second, and so on to the fourteenth.

A SKETCH

Her face is rather pretty—so they say—

Her figure fine, her air extremely pleasing ;
Somewhat coquettish in a quiet way ;
Not quite a flirt, but rather given to teasing.

Her smile is fascinating,—sometimes flecked
With pride or scorn,—but seldom soft or tender ;
Her eye so cold—you might as well expect
The pale round moon to warm you by its splendor.

Her mind is good,—but of peculiar bent,—
So calm, so dignified, so self-possessing ;
Though she might love you to your heart's content,
You'd find it out at last by simple guessing.

As for her heart, I really do not know ;
She may have one, though I have never found it ;
But that's a thing that's seldom apt to show
While guaze and lace and other things surround it.

Her virtue,—she was never known to fall,
Tho' I must say she's rather fond of kissing ;
But when you come to take her all in all,
You'll find, I fear, that pretty trifle missing.

WE MEET.

We meet, but not as we have met
In days which have forever flown ;
When that bright dream, whose memory yet
Doth thrill my heart, around me shone.

And thou dost vainly strive to vail
From outward view—for burning cheek
And brow will still repeat the tale—
Thy memory of my boyish freak.

But I have early learned the task
Of calm and icy self-control,
And pride has taught me how to mask
The writhings of a tortured soul.

I coldly bow and pass thee by ;
And none can tell, from outward show,
The surging tide of agony
Which rolls its burning waves below ;

To think that only thus may we
E'er hope on earth to meet again ;
I know that thou art lost to me,
And O, the thought is bitterest pain.

The pang of meeting such as this,
Cold, feeble language may not tell ;
As Dives, in sight of heavenly bliss,
Endured the quenchless flames of hell.

LINES.

Nay, do not deem me insincere !

The charge from others might be borne ;
But thou ! alas, that I should hear
From thy dear lips such words of scorn.

Yet firm in rectitude I stand,
And conscious truth, albeit thou,
With cruel, unrelenting hand,
Would'st stamp the traitor on my brow.

And wherefore ? that, with hellish art,
I won, then left a heart to pine
In cold neglect ? Not so : the part
Of unrequited love was mine.

Have I not said, and now repeat,
Though from my bosom hope has flown,
While life remains my breast shall beat
With love for thee, and thee alone ?

Yet, when I knew my dream was vain,
Lest from thy life a joy 't would steal,
With careless words I strove to feign
The calm—alas ! I could not feel.

If I have sinned, my crime is clear ;
I strove, with deep and cunning art,
To hide the shaft which quivered here,
The pain which rankled in my heart.

With stoic fortitude, the stone
Above my buried hope I rolled ;
Resolved that I would bear alone
The anguish words could ne'er unfold.

Then do not deem me insincere ;
The charge from others might be borne ;
But from your lips I will not hear
Such words of undeserved scorn.

FAREWELL.

Farewell, a word that oft has been
The echo of a bursting heart ;
But not for me, since I have seen,
And proved and known thee as thou art.
Since pride has taught me scorn of one
Whose peer I deemed the world had none.

Yes, thou art fallen ; I coldly gaze
Upon my idol of a day ;
Since truth has stripped its glittering rays,
I see 'tis but of worthless clay.
While not a feeling thrills my frame,
Save those of wonder and of shame.

Of wonder, that a being bright,
As thou to outward seeming art,
A haloed form of beauty's light,
Should prove a thing without a heart !
Yet such thou art, and such must be
My retrospect of love and thee.

Of shame, that I so long had bent
Before thy shrine the subject knee,
While not a wish to heaven was sent
But seemed to find its home in thee.
Accursed delusion—false as fair—
No heaven of earnest thought is there.

Then fare thee well ; no more we meet ;
Henceforth our paths diverging lie.
That dream, though false, was passing sweet ;
And though remembrance will not die,
When love expires, it leaves but this,
The vain regret o'er vanished bliss.

TO —.

Take back your heartless, cruel note,
Your coldly proffered name of friend ;
Nor deem its words can be forgot
Till life and love alike shall end.

Believe me, it doth not require
That I should trace those lines again ;
For they are writ in words of fire
Upon my burning heart and brain.

What were it to a breast like mine,
Cold friendship's mocking power to wield?
It pants to prove the bliss divine
Thy love, and thine alone, can yield.

And dost thou think that I could smother
This inward, heart consuming flame,
And calmly see thee yield another
What I would give my life to claim?

No ! heaven has given me a soul
Which scorns the trifler's empty art ;
And where it sways not full control,
It will not deign to own a part.

A heart which must be deeply blest,
With all that fondest love can give,
Or still throb on in wild unrest,
Till fate shall bid it cease to live.

TO —.

Last night, upon my bed, I dreamed
That thou wert reconciled to me ;
Upon my raptured vision beamed
That smile, which 'twere my heaven to see.
I clasped within my own thy hand,
Whose touch could thrill my very soul ;
A moment did my life blood stand,
Then wildly leaped to its control.
I heard once more thy gentle voice,
To me the sweetest earthly tone ;
It bade my trembling heart rejoice,
To know that thou wert all my own.
Alas, that scene so false as this
So like reality should seem ;
It was a visionary bliss ;
I woke, and found it but a dream.

TO —.

ON THE ALLEGHENY.

O, thus might I glide,
In sweet union with thee,
Down life's swift-rolling tide,
What a bliss it would be!
How sweet, thus reclining
My head on thy breast,
All sorrow resigning,
To dream but of rest;
To dream but of rest,
Such as mortals may know
When the soul is released
From its thralldom below.

But—alas! that my fate
So ungenerous should be—
Such joy doth not wait
In the future for me;
For another, more worthy,
Shall call thee his own,
Whilst I take my journey
Unloved and alone.
Unloved and alone,
Since that beacon of trust
On my pathway which shone,
Has been scattered in dust.

INSCRIPTION FOR A SKULL:

IN THREE PARTS, CORRESPONDING TO THE THREE DIVISIONS OF
THE MIND, AS INDICATED BY THE PHRENOLOGIST.

I. THE PERCEPTIVE.

Behold the goal of all thy hopes and fears!
Life's vision past, the end is what appears.
See this cold shape its ghastly semblance keep,
And mock at vanquished life, but never weep.

II. THE SPECULATIVE.

A thousand years the living tide may flow
Above this form, nor changeful vestige show.
Shall lifeless clay such lasting structure keep,
And Life itself in endless darkness sleep?

III. THE SPIRITUAL.

Though firmly wrought, this fabric yields at last
Each atom back, to be with life recast.
Dust falls to dust; the soul to Soul returns;
Life's quenchless flame through ceaseless ages
burns.

TO HARRIET.

There are some who display
Such a magic array
Of charms so alluring and sweet,
That to win but one sip
Of their delicate lip,
Were a more than ambrosial treat.

But if one should wish
To indulge in a dish
Of decidedly opposite savor,
Let him get but a glance
Of your visage askance,
And that look will supply him the flavor.

TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON HER WEARING A WATCH KEY BELONGING TO THE AUTHOR.

Yes, wear the gaudy trinket on your breast ;
'Tis meet that there the shining toy should rest ;
Fit emblem for your heart, which ne'er may be
Unlocked by aught except a golden key.

EPITAPH.

Here lies old Tom Hurly,
A sinner as surly
As ever the devil let loose ;
If he's not gone to hell,
Then old Nick may as well
Acknowledge his place of no use.

ANOTHER ON THE SAME.

A saint by profession—a deacon at session—
He carried the bag for its gains ;
He would serve you on Sunday and curse you on
Monday,
And he's now gone to hell for his pains.

EPITAPH.

Here lies a man who, while on earth,
Lied more than any man I know ;
Old Satan took him at his worth,
And keeps him lying—down below.

A FRAGMENT.

Hail, fellow pilgrim ! traveler in the road
Which mortal feet from age to age have trod ;
A ruthless trampler o'er the mouldering pride
Of forms that lived and sinned and wept and died.
From out the current of that mingling throng,
Which bears its load of hopes and fears along,
I bid thee welcome ; and though short the hour
Since I have owned thy friendship's kindling power,
At whose command these trembling strains ascend,
A transient theme, and soon, perhaps, to end,
Yet here repose thy wandering feet the while,
And let my song thy listening ear beguile.

Since man first woke, by Satan's art beguiled,
To feel the strength of passions fierce and wild,
Which, since the dawn of that eventful day,
Have marked the earth with desolating sway,
And o'er the trace of Eden's vanished bloom
Have piled the ghastly trophies of the tomb ;
Since, from those bowers of peace and virtue driven,
He wandered forth, beneath the frown of heaven,

To find the earth, where e'er his steps might roam,
A pathless wild, a world without a home,
Six thousand years have rolled ; and still in vain
Mankind have sought that Eden to regain.

Where'er, beneath the sun's expanding power,
There blooms for man a transient, fading flower,
Whose fleeting beauty for an hour hath shed
A trembling glory round its drooping head ;
Reminding, by its sweetness, of that lost
And ruined home, by man, the tempest toss'd,
There hath the curse been felt, and there the cry
Hath sprung from earth, and pierced the heavens on
high,

How long, O God, how long shall nature mourn
Her trampled rights, and bear the avenger's scorn ?
How long shall manhood, wearied with the toil
And strife of earth, be doomed the oppressor's spoil ?

IMMORTALITY.

The earth is not our home; we may not fill
The exhaustless measure of our being here;
This frame shall perish, but the spirit, still
Untouched by mortal taint, shall reappear,
And reign expansive in a nobler sphere.
The sun shall fade and fall; the stars that roll
In space immense, shall cease their swift career,
And topple down to ruin; but the soul
Of man shall ne'er grow old, nor reach its final goal.

When we have left this fallen world behind,
And soared to regions of unending day,
Then shall we know the life for which we pined
While pent and prisoned in this house of clay:
Then, all untrammelled shall the spirit stray,
And rove unbound the azure fields of light;
With sense of growing powers, which no decay,
Nor pain, nor death, nor weariness can blight;
If this be life, O time! speed, speed thy onward
flight.

ODE

WRITTEN ON THE APPEARANCE OF THE GREAT COMET OF 1861.

Comet, thou wondrous meteor king !
Thou strangely grand, mysterious thing,
That, with thy train of beaming light,
Burst forth upon our startled sight,
Unlooked for and unheralded,
A thing of wonder and of dread ;
From out the trackless realms of air,
The boundless, fathomless afar,
Thou camest ; and as forth we gaze
Upon thy train of spreading rays,
Wondering and anxious we inquire,
What art thou ? What's thy mission dire,
Proclaimed in characters of fire ?

Art thou the wreck of some bright world,
That from its orbit has been hurled ;
The fair proportions of thy form,
Dissolved by the Almighty's arm ;
Condemned to wander through the sky,
Through pathless fields of space to fly,
A blasted monument of wrath
To all that see thee in thy path ?
Or thou may'st be, for aught we know,
A planet yet in embryo ;

The plastic substance of a sphere
Unformed as yet, and waste and drear ;
Destined, when wrought by hand divine,
A bright, effulgent world to shine ;
To be the glorious abode
Of beings noble, pure and good.

Art thou, to this dark world below,
Herald of misery and woe ;
The messenger of vengeance, sent
To warn of coming punishment ?
Doomed, with thy pestilential breath,
To scatter seeds of flaming death ?
Doth thy bright, sword-like form presage
The curse of war, the battle's rage ?
And, of thy presence though the cause
Be nature's strict, unerring laws,
That, seeing thee in troublous hour,
Man's guilty soul may own the power
Of Him, that high and holy One,
Whose throne is placed above the sun,
Who sends a sword on guilty men,
As a just punishment for sin.

Whate'er thou art—whate'er may be
Thy past, thy future destiny,
Or present purpose, still may we
A striking emblem see in thee
Of human greatness : while o'erhead
Thy glorious train of light is spread,
A million eyes will on thee gaze,

A million tongues will sound thy praise ;
For a brief period thou wilt glow,
Then forth to darkness thou wilt go
And be forgot. Thus thy career
Resembles man's ; how bright soe'er
For a brief moment he may shine,
Yet is his glory but like thine—
A brilliant, flashing meteor,
A transitory, blazing star,
That gleams a moment on our sight,
And then is lost in rayless night.

FROM THE POTOMAC.

Dear girl, since heaven decrees that we
Must for a season sundered be ;
Though many a mile doth intervene,
And many a river roll between,
And many a weary day, alas !
In tardy flight must onward pass,
Ere we may hope to meet again—
Yet doth my bosom still retain
The memory of those hours which we
Have sweetly passed in company ;
And though, since fated to abide
By dark Potomac's turbid tide,
I've gazed on many a lovely face,
And form, whose captivating grace,

And gentle eyes of azure beam,
And sunny smile of heavenly gleam,
Are destined yet, perhaps, to ensnare
Some loyal comrade's heart, who'll swear—
To Love a willing prisoner—
Henceforth allegiance true to her ;
Yet lovely face, nor beaming smile,
My constant bosom can beguile ;
With faithful heart, unmoved, I gaze
Upon each form of winning grace,
And turn away to dream of one
Whose image rules my breast alone ;
And none beside, though passing fair,
With that bright image can compare,
Or hope to reign a rival there.

And oft do I in memory
Retrace, in company with thee,
The well known path which leads beside
The crystal Allegheny's tide,
And feel once more thy gentle form
Hang trustingly upon my arm,
And listen to thy voice, which still
With magic power my heart can thrill ;
And from the blissful retrospect
Of those sweet scenes, with pleasure decked,
I gain anew the patriot zeal,
To battle bravely for the weal
Of that bright land, which bears for me
So sweet, so fair a flower as thee.

THE ABSENT.

'Tis a joy thus to sit by the fireside at eve,
And the moments in cheerful discourse to beguile ;
While each has a word or a story to give,
To provoke from the others the laughter or smile.

Yet a feeling of sadness is mixed with our mirth,
As we think of that brother and friend, who is far
Far from the pleasures that wait by the family hearth,
'Mid the darker surroundings and dangers of war.

And we ask, Shall that one be restored to his friends,
To complete, by his presence, the circle thus rent ?
Shall he have a part in that joy which attends
The bright dawning of peace when the war-cloud is
spent ?

Or shall he have a name and a part among those
Of whom, by their country and friends 'twill be said,
When our flag soars triumphant o'er all that oppose,
In defence of that banner their life-blood was shed ?

We know not ; the future is hid from our sight ;
But we know, if no more he should meet with us
here,
That his name shall be blazoned in letters of light,
And the flag that he died for shall hallow his bier.

VALEDICTORY.

DELIVERED AT A PUBLIC SCHOOL EXHIBITION, MARCH 28, 1862

Friends, on behalf of those who here to-night
Have striven to minister to your delight,
And by our modest efforts sought to claim
Your kind applause—to us sufficient fame—
I bid you now adieu ; yet, ere we part,
Permit the offering of a feeling heart
To those who, wont to join us heretofore,
Now mingle with our youthful band no more.
For since we last the pleasing task essayed,
In which to-night our efforts have been made,
Some of our number have been called to bear
A nobler part within a loftier sphere.
And they who spake, upon a former night,
Of Hohenlinden's dark and bloody fight,
And how Bozzaris, with his Suliote band,
Did glorious battle for his native land,
Are gone to battle in our country's cause,
And vindicate her now despised laws.
A year ago the trumpet call went forth :
" Ye slumbering millions of the mighty North,
Awake ! behold how treason's bloody hand
Is stretched to rend this God-united land ;
See how the storm of discord hangs above
Our late abode of harmony and love,
And threatens now to quench forevermore
The light of freedom in a sea of gore !"

The thrilling note was heard, and in reply,
A million foemen pealed the battle cry !
O, 'twas a proudly grand and glorious sight
To see a nation rising in its might ;
A myriad loyal breasts in unison
Throbbing and beating, as the heart of one !
Resolved that never should our banner know
Dishonor from the recreant southern foe,
Who, in their madness, seek to rend in twain
The pride of nations and the hope of men.

And some have fallen ; but 'tis not mine to tell
How gallant Ellsworth and brave Lyon fell ;
Or, by the dark Potomac's rushing tide,
How Baker, battling for his country, died.
These, by their death, inscribed their deathless name
Upon the record of eternal fame.
A grateful country shall perpetuate
Their names, their deeds, and their heroic fate.
Yet, ere I close the theme, I fain would pay
This tribute to the absent ones : May they,
Like Ellsworth, see the traitor flag brought low ;
Like Lyon, view the wildly scattering foe ;
And may the Power that rules and reigns above
Protect and shield them by his guardian love ;
But should it be their glorious lot to yield
Their brave young lives upon the battle field,
May gallant Baker's fame their fate enshrine,
And crown their memory with a light divine.

IN MEMORIAM.

Suspense is past, and now we know
The most that words can tell :
"In life he proudly faced the foe,
Nor faltered, though he fell."
Alas ! that such a life should be
The prize of aught save victory—
And yet we know 'tis well.
'Twere better thus that all should die,
Than live to shame and infamy.

Then do not weep ; at such an hour
Bid sorrow's fount be still.
Force back its tide of tearful power,
And let the bosom thrill
And leap beneath its sense of pride,
To think how gloriously he died !
And how his spirit will
Henceforth an honored place command
In freedom's tried immortal band.

* * * * *

O, Thou, who dost regard the dust
Of those for virtue slain ;
Who art our freedom's hope and trust,
Shall traitor hosts again

In wild, unhallowed triumph tread
Above the martyred patriots' bed,
And boast their sufferings vain?
Forbid it, God! breathe forth thine ire,
And blast them with consuming fire!

THE APPEAL.

OCCASIONED BY A MEETING FOR PROCURING AID FOR THE
WOUNDED SOLDIERS.

Hark! the notes of victory swell,
Sweeping o'er the land to tell
Of a battle, long and well
Fought, and nobly won!
Bow to heaven the grateful knee;
Shout, To God the glory be!
While the banner of the free
Streams in triumph on.

Hearken yet; from heaps of slain,
Covering all that battle plain,
Wounded men, in mortal pain,
Call for succor now.
Will ye slight that anguished prayer?
Ye whose brothers, sons are there,
Will ye not a balm prepare
For their burning brow?

ONE OF MANY.

Not in the hero's hour of glorious pride,
When foe meets foe mid flashing battle flame,
And mingling in the combat's crimson tide,
He yields his life to freedom and to fame;
But wasting slowly, day by day, he died,
And left no record but a simple name,
And that he perished; nought to mitigate
The grief of those who mourn his sad, untimely fate.

They may not still the yearning of the heart
With the proud thought that the beloved one,
Still bearing, all unawed, his dauntless part
In freedom's battle, when his work was done,
Bowed to the stroke of the destroyer's dart,
And sank to rest, as sinks the setting sun
In cloudless splendor, casting o'er the earth
He leaves behind a halo of immortal worth.

Yet who shall say the sacrifice was vain,
And bar the boon for which he bravely wrought?
Shall the remembrance of his toil and pain
And unrepining death be all forgot?

No ! while our banner, freed from treason's stain,
Shall proudly float—the guerdon of his lot—
Bid we its starry folds in honor wave
Above the martyred patriot's unforgotten grave.

ELLSWORTH.

He stood where treason's banner stream'd,
Insulting heaven's bright sun ;
And in his lofty scorn he seemed
A more than mortal one.

Like some resplendent spirit sent
On wings of morning light
From Freedom's starry firmament,
He beamed upon our sight.

A moment more and he was gone,
No more to greet our eye ;
The patriot's holy work was done :
He taught us how to die.

STANZAS

WRITTEN ON THE APPEARANCE OF THE EMANCIPATION
PROCLAMATION.

The fiat has gone forth, and now we stand
A rescued people ; ransomed from the shame
And burning wrong, which long has made our land
Among all lands a by-word, and a name
Of scorn, and dark reproach, that those who claim
The championship of Freedom's cause, had nursed
Within their midst so long, and sought to tame
A spirit hell-born, of that race accurs'd,
Who 'gainst high heaven arose in proud revolt at first.
And which—these years of sorrow, since the fall
Of our first earthly parents—woful hour !
Has caused to flow more tears and blood than all
Hell's hosts combined—accursed lust of power !
Which tempts a human being to devour
His brother's right, and forge a chain to bind
His soul's free pinion, and to rob his dower
Of heaven-born attributes of thought and mind,
And make of god-like man a senseless sullen hind.

Their cup was bitter, and too late, alas !

We find its dregs are mingled with our own,
Which now we quaff; for now is come to pass

The end, the bitter end, so long foreshown

By wisdom's voice, but feared, believed by none;
Our country's peace is reft; her sons have met

In deadly conflict, and her fields are strown
With ghastly corpses, whose deep wounds have let
Their warm life-current out, her verdant soil to wet.

But yet—Columbia ! yet thy name can thrill

Thy true son's heart with pride, and make him know
A sense of being nobler than the will

Of kings, or tyrant power could e'er bestow.

A myriad such, in this thy hour of woe,
Of loyal breast, and strong and fearless hand,

Leap to thy side, and proudly bid thee throw
Aside the weight and shame of years, and stand
Before the world henceforth a free and glorious land.

THE LIBERTY BIRD.

On a mountain, whose cloud-piercing summit appeared
Like a throne for the storm-king by whirlwind up-
reared,

Dwelt an Eagle ; and long had his proud form outrode
The storms that swept over his mountain abode.

He had for a century breasted their power,
And his flight was more noble since each than before ;
Through all that wide region his fame had been heard,
And they called that proud Eagle the Liberty Bird.

A small, crawling reptile had cunningly made
Its home in the cleft of the rock, 'neath the shade
Of the mountain-bird's nest ; and the Eagle disdained
That his beak by its ignoble blood should be stained.
Secure in such contempt—more noble than wise—
It flourished and grew to a serpent in size ;
Till it dreamed in its malice, by jealousy stirred,
Of humbling the pride of the Liberty Bird.

The Eagle sat perched in his glory on high,
When the reptile came forth his fierce power to defy ;
And, hissing its serpentine venom and spite,
Approached the bold Eagle's precipitous height ;

While the Eagle looked scornfully down on his foe,
Till the reptile, at length, was directly below ;
Then he spread his broad wings, and his wild scream
 was heard,
And into mid air sprang the Liberty Bird.

A moment he poised on his aerial height,
Then downward he swooped like the gleaming of
 light ;
The treacherous snake in his talons he clutched,
While his proud plumage fluttered aloft all untouched ;
Its vitals, its heart from its bosom he tore,
Then spurned the base carcass and heavenward did
 soar ;
And the wild notes of freedom in triumph were heard
Bursting forth from the throat of the Liberty Bird.

JULY, 1861.

FAREWELL, BELOVED HARP.

Farewell, belov'd harp! whence my spirit so long,
'Mid the tumult of life, drank the solace of song;
Whose magical chords, though unskillfully strung,
O'er the soul of the minstrel such melody flung.

Soon shall cease the wild sweep of thy murmuring
 swell,
And the heart of the master in darkness shall dwell;
There, unmindful alike of the malice of foes,
Or the tear of regret, shall his relics repose.

Yet once more, ere we part, let me waken thy strain;
I will revel once more in love's rapture and pain;
I will utter the grief which hath stirred me so long,
And my passion shall soar on the power of my song.

Then, hushed be the spell of thy harmony deep;
Soon the soul that hath swayed thee in silence shall
 sleep;
By the world unlamented, save those who shall own,
For the sake of the minstrel, the joy of thy tone.

JUNE 17, 1878.





